Photo Abbe

Richard Bennett As the Clown In Andreyev's Drama
"He Who Gets Slapped"

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Editorial

The Red Lamp in the Theatre

WHAT'S the matter with the theatre? Who, or what, is to blame for the blight which has fallen upon it? Why does failure follow failure, with only an occasional hit to prove the exception to the rule? Why is our theatre gradually losing its importance, and, at the same time, the sympathy and support of people of taste and intelligence?

There is a reason and one that is not difficult to find. The present critical condition of the theatre is not peculiar to America. Complaints of theatrical failures and bad business are heard in every country.

The drama today is a reflection of the condition of the world as left by the aftermath of the Great War. In every field of human activity—in political, industrial, financial, and social circles, there is the same *débacle*. Why not in the theatre?

During the war the orgy was ghastly—waste, license, gross materialism, entire peoples prostrate before the Golden Calf, statecraft and religions bankrupt, a tidal wave of ill-gotten "profiteering" wealth engulfing the nations. When, at last, the wave receded, millions were thrown on the sands of moral and physical destruction.

Today the theatre still suffers from the war orgy. Eager to get away from the horror of the holocaust, the crowds rushed to every form of distraction—even the most degraded. They clamored at theatre doors. Everything went, at high prices—stupidity, license, jazz, madness. The theatre prospered exceedingly on this devil's hell broth. Lured by the click of dollars, new managers rushed into the game—men of coarse instincts, illiterate, unscrupulous, greedy for gain, concerned with, and seeing only, the immediate profit. Real estate speculators built theatres one after another, recklessly, in cut-throat competition. Styling themselves managers, controlling unlimited capital, they erected wonderful temples of marble and gold, caskets worthy of the most precious gems and then filled them with imitation stones of lurid colors. The new playhouses were the most beautiful men ever had seen. Everything money could buy was put into their construction. Only one thing was lacking—a soul!

'Tis folly to build theatres if there are no plays to perform in them. So the new managers rushed here and there frantically looking for plays. Every apprentice who came into a manager's office with a manuscript was welcomed with open arms. The masters of the craft were abroad fighting behind the lines. Could a man sit in his study and write plays when the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen was being enacted before his very eyes?

But no matter. The idle, profiteering, thoughtless public shut their eyes to tragedy. They wanted to be amused, and they crowded the theatres—and so the one-day fly, born at sunrise to die at sunset, came into his own. The playwright who could attract and entertain the mob became the lion of the hour. Fat royalties made him a millionaire over night. He gave them "leg" shows, naked women displaying shamelessly their physical charms, plays in which prostitutes were the heroines—nothing was nasty enough for the panderers or for the new lecherous, amusement-thirsty mob. The red lamp district was transferred from "the tenderloin" to the stage.

In better, saner times the red light symbolised danger—a leprous spot to keep away from and avoid. Today, in the continental cities, there are many blind alleys with closely shuttered, sinister-looking houses, in front of each of which burns a red light. The man-about-town knows them for disorderly houses; innocence runs past them with a shudder. In America we are more progressive. There are no red lights in our side streets. But they burn—even more brightly—more sinister than ever—on our stage.

The prostitute—that is the character our rapid fire, up-to-date dramatist prefers to exploit for the fattening of his bank account and the edification of American audiences—old and young. The youth just out of college, the virgin of blushing sixteen is shown the life of the harlot in all its unsavory, hideous detail.

These managers and authors say they give the public what it wants. But is the fare provided really what the public wants? What constitutes the theatregoing public? Is it the lobster-fed, hip-flask gentry who come to Broadway to have "a good time," and who besiege the ticket agencies, willing to pay any old price for something good, no matter what, as long as it is sporty and racy? Such people are the special public who patronize the undraped drama. But is there not another public—a more orderly, intelligent public—the same public that flocked to see "Abraham Lincoln," "The Circle," "Liliom," "John Ferguson?" The only trouble is that the manager professes to believe that there is a bigger public for the smutty play than for the decent one. In his pachydermous shortsightedness he does not realize that it is precisely these obscene plays, with their foul talk and vile innuendo, which are driving respectable patrons from our theatres.

Is it true that we want suggestive, filthy plays? It's up to the real public to refute such a slander on its intelligence. How? By a persistent and consistent boycott of those managers and those theatres that continue to offend against good taste and good morals. No manager can continually defy aroused public opinion and prosper. After all, the vast majority of the people are clean and right thinking. If this were not true, the world would have gone to the devil long ago. As to the libidinously inclined minority—the less intelligent and less decent theatregoer—he must be taught to stop thinking along prostitute lines. Wantonness, prodigality, waste, jazz, gambling, drunkenness—all that is part of Satan's curriculum. A certain class of women playgoers like to see the prostitute on the stage. Perhaps they see in the hectic heroine what they might have become in other circumstances. Themselves weak, unmoral, barren of principles, they let their empty-headed flapper daughters imitate the harlot in dress and manner, and their sons go to ruin for her.

The world is suffering from moral indigestion brought on by over-indulgence. The cure is a siege of hard times. We are feeling it now. The conditions are terrible, but the world won't go under. A change will come. There will be a wave of ideals of spirituality, a wave of better living and better thinking. The playwrights will welcome the new era; the theatres reflect it. The managers will float on the crest of it. It will come.

Photo Abbe

Act I. The eccentric host (Charles Cherry) of a "sort of hotel" just off the Dover Road entertains two adventurers in romance (Left—Winifred Lenihan. Right—Molly Pearson) on their runaway route to Calais

Act II. Even the partners in an unhappy marriage may become reconciled when the husband (Reginald Mason) catches his first cold and the wife is only waiting the chance for someone to "cosset"

Photo Abbe

Photo White

Act III. When a married couple meet in the course of their respective elopements, nothing is so helpful, according to their host, as a friendly discussion of the situation. Left to right: Molly Pearson, Reginald Mason, Charles Cherry, Winifred Lenihan, Lyonel Watts

Act III. Given a choice of any disease in the materia medica book, Latimer chooses neuralgia when the charming Anna constitutes herself masseuse

Photo Abbe

SCENES IN "THE DOVER ROAD" AT THE BIJOU

Building An Audience

Famous Stage Director Shows How to Deal with the Psychology of the Modern Theatregoer

By ROBERT MILTON

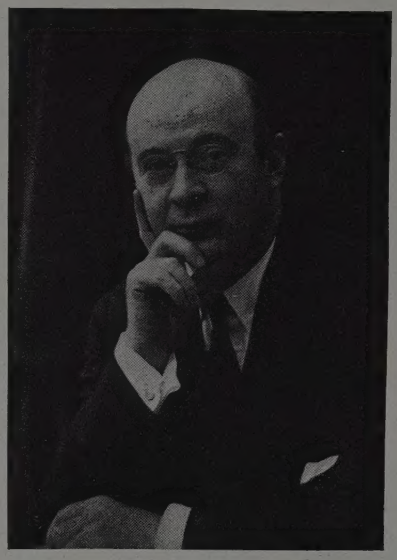
AS one who has been one of the directors of productions of both the famous but ill-fated New Theatre and the equally famous and well-fated Theatre Guild, I am being constantly asked by people both in and out of the theatre why the one movement for better drama was a fiasco and the other an unquestionable success. The underlying causes involved in the outcome of this interesting pair of theatrical experimentations are subtle and manifold; but if any one answer can be made to the question I mention, it is that the *débacle* of the New Theatre was a natural outcome of not having *builded* its audience, while the success of the Guild may be ascribed to the fact that it *did* build its audience.

The theatre faces a crisis today. The motion picture show has denuded theatre balconies, and haphazard, careless production of inferior plays is coming gradually to have a demoralizing effect on the patronage that a manager once could count on for his orchestra floor. Out of the ashes of an unheard-of number of failures will rise a theatrical Phoenix, that, consciously and consistently dealing with things as they are and not things as they used to be in the "good old days," will form a new and faithful audience, not only in New York, but in the dramaless provinces. What that bird is and how it will rise I shall endeavor to explain.

TO return for a moment to the New Theatre and use its valuable lesson for conclusions to be drawn later. Certainly, it can not be said of its directorate, at the head of which was Winthrop Ames, a skilled and sincere artist, that in the choice of plays presented it failed to reach a high standard of merit. One need only mention "Don," "The Thunderbolt," "Strife," "The Nigger," "The Piper," "The Bluebird," to recall to the minds of play lovers as choice morsels as were ever served up before them. The productions were amazingly fine and lavish; there, indeed, we find fatal note number one, for it was in its general tone of over-lavishness that the New Theatre came first to prejudice the people against it. That, and the introduction of the "star system," the use of featured players, which, to my mind, is destructive to the building-up of any repertory theatre and, in fact, threatens the Theatre Guild at this very minute.

The public was not ready for the New Theatre because it had not been *made* ready for it. Launching it was precisely akin to presenting a large marble bath-tub to a man who had not learned to wash at all. It was a million miles away from the "common touch"; the millionaire's play-toy built for the enlightenment of a group of human beings that didn't want to be enlightened in just that way.

In fact, it is a grave question in my mind whether more than a minute percentage of the New York playgoing public wishes to be "enlightened" at all. In this respect it differs radically from theatre-



ROBERT MILTON
Stage director of the Theatre Guild

lovers abroad. I have directed productions in Russia and Germany; I have studied theatrical production in France, and I have had unusual opportunity to observe, universally, the reaction of the theatrical audience to what is given it. The Russian goes to his playhouse primarily to learn, to acquaint himself with life and give himself new food and thought for argument; he is a *connoisseur* and can appreciate the good from the bad not simply out of a judgment based on his emotional reactions. To the German, the theatre never ceases to be a school-house; he is less of a *connoisseur,* I think, but at the same time, he is even more greedy than the Russian for enlightenment. For this reason, German plays are usually pregnant with philosophy of a discursive character, an ingredient that would not be tolerated in this country.

THE Frenchman goes to his theatre more to be amused, but he goes also for mental stimulus, as the permanent and great repertory theatres in Paris, notably the Comédie Francaise, bear witness. The Boulevards and Palais Royal piffle is manufactured for travellers and Parisian about-the-towners more than for the body proper of French theatregoers.

In other words, the drama has come to be taken over there as the serious art that, in time, it will be taken as over here. I speak now of the attitude towards it of the multitude, not merely the small section of *intelligentsia* that have in various communities in this country achieved as fine things as have been achieved in any theatre in the world.

It becomes obvious, therefore, that it is not with marble palaces and the "world's greatest actors," that high dramatic art is to be foisted on the United States. An audience *must* be builded first, beginning with a selected group that in time widens and widens like the ripples about a stone thrown into water. It is thus, in fact, precisely, that the Theatre Guild has grown; from the steady patronage of a handful it has come to achieve the steady patronage of a huge community upon which it can regularly count to support its every production in the belief that it will be worth supporting. The Provincetown Players have done very much the same thing, but in a much smaller way, and even the somewhat erratic bills recently presented have not kept the little playhouse on MacDougal Street from being packed at every performance. They have builded their audience, and so long as the foundations are kept reasonably firm, the structure will stand.

IN all this tremendously rich country there is no organization doing the work of the Guild save in New York. Most of the Guild ventures on the road have failed, such a play as St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson" for instance, going down to defeat in Chicago after a lengthy and deserved run here. This means simply that, whereas the Guild *has* builded its audience in New York, it has not yet found the time and the means to do so out of town. This, I believe, could be accomplished by means of similar Guilds situated locally in large centres over the country and remaining permanently on the scene, doing, perhaps simultaneously with the Guild or, subsequently, productions shown in New York. In no other way, I believe, will the road business be pulled out of the morass into which it has fallen. Only with groups given new faith in the theatre in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and the big Western cities will the drama return to its own in those communities. And the rough experiences of practically every manager this season indicates that more of the same sort of thing must be done in New York.

The Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE in a recent editorial, spoke urgently of the need for a repertory theatre. No word spoken on the requirements of the drama today has been truer; New York not only needs its repertory theatre but, unquestionably, in time, we shall have several here, with permanent companies, doing regularly new plays for

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Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

ELEANOR PAINTER

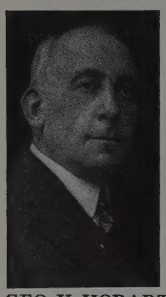
Whose charm, quite apart from her brilliant voice, makes her perhaps the most interesting figure on the American operetta stage today. Now on tour with "The Last Waltz," Miss Painter will soon be in New York again in a new Shubert production

Mrs. Blabb at the Matinee

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Author of "Sonny Boy," "Experience," etc.

YES, children, you have supprised my secret," observed Mrs. Blabb as she sat down to dinner with her two daughters, Minerva and Aurora, in the Builtfast Hotel; "I went to a matinknee with Mrs. Gullfoil and I certainly thought it was a very genteel gesture, as the saying is."



GEO. V. HOBART

"What did you see, Mumma?" inquired Minerva, the eldest daughter.

"We see that new play by Booth Tarkington entitled of the name of 'The Intimate Strangers,' answered Mrs. Blabb. "I read where one of the crickicks said it was light and cobwebby. Well, supposin' it was? What did he expeck it to be, heavy and wasp-nestish or something? If it was light and cobwebby it had the moonlight of romance shining on the cobwebs, and if they's anything perettier under the great blue expense of high Heffen than moonlight shimmying on cobwebs I ain't yet been invited to a private view thereof—pass the sugar, Nervy!"

"Yes, Mumma; go on; tell us about the play," complied Minerva.

WELL, as I was saying," continued Mrs. Blabb; "I love them kind of titles to a play—they are so intrigyouing, as the saying is. Titles like them is always food for thought and let digestion wait on your appetite, as the good book says. 'How!' you say to yourself, 'how, outside of riding in the Subway at six p. m., how can a stranger be intimate?' If I ever write a play, which Heffen forfending, I'd have one of those intrigyouing titles. If, for a ninstance, the plot of my play was a young and pretty girl whose father was a grocer I'd call it 'The Sweet Miss Salt.' Then again, for a ninstance, if the plot of my play was a young man hastily throwed overboard by an indulgent parent to shift for himself in the vastly deep I'd call it 'The Loving Hatred,' or 'He Went Down Off Perth Amboy and Ain't Been Seen Sence.' Maybe the sub-titling is a little long for electrified lights, but its intrigyouing, nevertheleast, as the saying is."

"But, Mumma," interrupted Aurora, "what difference does it make about the title; do tell us about the play—is it a pretty story and isn't Miss Billie Burke lovely?"

"Now, Rory," admonished Mrs. Blabb, "compose yourself; here you are taking lessons in harmony and double-bass and counter-poise and how can you compose music if you can't compose yourself? Heffen be my awful witness if I am crickasizing in any manner, shape or form, as the saying is. I was merely remarking that I liked them intrigyouing titles but I wish Booth Tarkington had thought of a name for his play more in keeping with the star-light that shines through it. Of all my favoright literaturers Booth is the favorightest. Booth is a native habitat of Indiana. As you well know, children, your father was also born in Indiana. So was your grandfather, Primeval Blabb, but Indiana hasn't boasted much about it because while Primeval was not exactly a social outcast he was on the fringe, as the saying is.

THE govment caught him two leagues southeast of his barn brewin a witches broth at a time when good liquor flowed so free that only a simp would take the time to make bad. In them days in Indiana, with good liquor at ten cents a hoist, for a man to offer the stranger within his gates a glast of catnip tea aided and abetted by equal potions of juniper berries and woodish alcohol was considered *nolle prosse,* as the saying is. So the nearest your grandfather ever got to the Indiana Hall of Fame was breaking rocks on the road befront of it, as suggested by the circuit judge in such cases made and pervided. Well, as I was saying, your father and Booth was more contemporary in appearing on this Vale of Tears, as the good book says. Booth picked out the perfession of good writing and your father picked out the perfession of medicine and they both made a killing."

"But, Mumma, aren't we ever going to hear about the play?" pleaded Minerva. "I'm so anxious to hear about Miss Burke—what did she wear, and did she look as lovely as she always does?"

"Now, Nervy, you break out with just the same kind of impatience as was the besotting sin of your father," reproved Mrs. Blabb. "With such impatience for his mortal enemy I never knew how he done it but, nevertheleast, your father was the best felon curer in our diocese. Never dast a finger show up with a felon attached that your father couldn't cure it in twenty-four hours—and charge the same to the account of the finger's owner.

YOUR father, my dears, was most skillful in the matter of assassinated fingers and had the repetation of being the most felonious doctor for miles in any given direction as the crow flies. Being a country physician your father never kept books nor sent out bills which endeared him to the heart of his patients so much that he was intensely beloved by all those present during his office hours, which is the reason I don't wear a diamond outburst on nary one of my fingers, not having none to wear, owing to your father's love of the common people which was not reciprocrated. I was a mere slip of a country girl when I married your father, having just passed through the village school, scarlet fever, the Band of Hope and a serious attackt of passe partooing, and I often said to him, 'Phineas, being as you are in the life-saving business, don't you think you ought to collect a little jack, as the saying is, for your work so as we could save up for a rainy day?' Then your father would smile at me through his lemon-colored beard, such as infests the faces of country physicians, and say, 'Shucks, Angastora! it ain't goin' to rain before Thursday!' and then a couple of baby sparrows would fly out of the shelter of his beard and he would follow after them to see they came to no harm and leave me dumbfoundered."

"Oh, Mumma, please tell us about the play; we're just dying to hear," begged Minerva, while Aurora added, "What do we care about names or titles and everything. We want to hear about Miss Billie Burke, Mumma!"

ONCE again, children," answered the mother, "I must rekest that you unpossess your soul of its impatience. Names and titles is everything in this morning exercise we call life. The good book says that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even to the fourth and fifth generation, and that's true because I knew a fambly by the name of Tayker—farmbers, they were, polite farmbers of the class which they call in England, landed gently. Well, for generation after generation, the head of that fambly was christened Pillgarlic, till it got to be a habit. Can you amajum! Pill for short—Pill Tayker! The trouble with christenings like them is that the one in command, be it mother or father, has got the same sense of humor as inhabits a fried mackerel. They fasten a funny name to an unsuspecting infan and they go off in a corner somewhere and die and leave the infan struggling up to manhood so busy fighting with its name that it hasn't time to earn its own sustainment. And when the infan has an infan of its own it clamps the same name on it, just to get even. Heigho! as the saying is. But I do trust and hope if one of you girls marries an antique dealer and he attemps to call your first child Gargoyle you will get the sauce pan and crown him lord of all. I do trust and hope you will do this, putting your full weight and strength in the crowning. Your father was always strangely gifted in the way he could think out a approprate name for a defenceless infan. Living near us in years byegone was a farmber of the name of Mudcrest and with the help of his wife they was already a majority of seventeen children in the fambly when suddenly she presented the happy father with two twins, making the plurality for that district nineteen. Your father was present, perfessional, when the new census was taken and as he

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ANDREAS PAVLEY AND MARIA NEMEROFF OF THE PAVLEY-OUKRAINSKY BALLET

With Miss Garden as manager, and Mme. D'Alvarez as cantatrice, it was only necessary for Campanini to re-engage Andreas Pavley and Maria Nemeroff of the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet as dancers, to insure the complete success of the Chicago Opera Company this season. Both Mr. Pavley and Miss Nemeroff, a Chicago girl by the way, have been with the Chicago Opera Company for several years

PEGGY MATTHEWS AND DEVAH WORRELL

This quaint and delightful pair from the Greenwich Village Follies have danced their way to fame through a year or two of New York successes. Miss Matthews has appeared for two seasons under the management of the Greenwich Village Follies. Miss Worrell played first at the Capitol, and then for a winter in Vaudeville

Photo Abbe

IN CLASSIC AND MODERN DANCES

Look Around Now—

Some Theatregoers Go to the Play—Not to Relax Their Minds—But to Clear Their Throats

By LISLE BELL

THE actors of Paris stepped out of character the other day long enough to hurl a polite imprecation down the throats of those unthinking theatregoers who cough during performances—and usually right at the most intense moment. Seventy-five percent of the theatre coughs, they declared, are needless and ought to be choked off at the source.

Just to prove that they are right and that the theatre cough is unnecessary, they have begun a campaign against the individual who apparently comes to the theatre—not to relax his mind—but to clear his throat. And doubtless this individual, believing in majority rule, will agree with the actor in spirit but go right on coughing just the same.

Broadway has her inconvenient coughers, no less than Paris, but evidently the American actor has made up his mind to grin and bear it. After all, there isn't much that can be done about it, and as John Drew says, "It's simply an annoyance to which most actors have accustomed themselves." The comedian does make one suggestion, however, and that is that the slot-machine candy boxes which adorn the backs of the seats in certain theatres, might be emptied of their sweet contents and cough drops substituted. This is a tip which should make Mr. Drew the favorite actor of the Smith Bros. for life.

THE question rises: Can the cough be made useful as well as detrimental? One is reminded of a certain preacher who was decidedly prone to pulpit exaggerations, and who allowed his imagination to run riot in the course of his sermons to such an extent that one of the deacons called his attention to it. The pastor agreed that he sometimes embellished a point, and suggested that the next time he was guilty of anything of the kind, the deacon should gently cough.

On the following Sunday, the preacher was discoursing upon Samson's picturesque episode with the three hundred foxes whose tails he lashed together.

"And we must bear in mind, my brethren," he went on, "that the foxes of Samson's time were not like our foxes. They grew to great size, many of them reaching twenty-five to thirty feet."

A gentle cough came to his ears from the front pew.

"However," he continued, "since the standards of measurement in those days differed from ours, it's barely possible that they were only eighteen or twenty feet in length."

Another admonitory cough.

"But"—with a slight frown—"in order to be entirely on the safe side, let us say ten or twelve feet in length."

Again the insistent cough, louder than ever.

The preacher leaned forward, and spoke in a fiery undertone.

"You can cough your head off, but I'll not knock off another inch!"

Will Rogers must have had this in mind when the action of the Parisian actors was brought to his notice.

A COUGH may be all right or it may be all wrong," he said. "I always consider the source. Now, if it's the ladies, bless 'em, I say let 'em cough if they want to.

A ticket speculator is authority for the statement that he simply couldn't get along without the theatre cough. He needs it in his business, and considers it one of the most valuable sidelights on the merit of a play. He's a hardened first nighter, and when he wants to estimate the probable success of a new play, he checks up on the coughs even more conscientiously than he measures the applause.

He has worked out a simple rule of thumb which he says is as good an acid test as any:

If the audience coughs more or less during the first act, but forgets to cough after that, the piece will have a run.

If the audience doesn't cough throughout the entire evening, the play is an assured success.

But if the audience begins coughing in the first act, and continues to cough during the ensuing acts, the play is practically a goner.

What would happen if the coughs were stifled? The man with his pulse on the public fancy wouldn't be able to diagnose the case. Or at any rate, he'd have to devise some other method of finding out the truth.

Not all the coughing takes place on one side of the footlights, however. The main difference is that the throaty conditions in the orchestra seats are unintentional, while those which are disclosed on the stage have some dramatic purpose.

IT would almost seem as if medical students might profitably spend part of the time which they spend at clinics in going to the theatre. The symptoms are just as conspicuous in a course in playwriting as they are in a course in anatomy. Nearly all the American dramatists seem to have made a special study of bronchial conditions—from the merest cough to the most aggravated case of inflammation.

One who is unfamiliar with the reliance which the American playwright places upon the heart, the lungs and other vital organs might be puzzled as to how the plot is going to work out, but anyone who has acquired an average theatregoing experience can pretty nearly predict the outcome. What the ticket speculator can find out from the coughing of the first nighters, the merest layman can determine from the coughing of the characters.

Take, for example, the hoary, but still cherished episode of the heavenward departure of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A medical student might be mistaken in his diagnosis, but not if he is as familiar with plot construction as he is with blood pressure. Then he knows that when Little Eva begins to talk about seeing the angels, it really means she is going to die, and not that she is looking for someone to back the show.

A pale heroine who coughs in Act I should be watched. Unless she is extremely careful, she will be flat on her back in Act II, and registering with the angels in Act III.

IF the cough is very severe, but is not mentioned in the dialogue, nor observed by the other actors, it may merely mean that the actress has inadvertently swallowed a fly. In that case, she will live through the play, and eat a welsh rarebit before retiring.

Actresses who—in their parts—are afflicted with tuberculosis, generally linger through three acts. Camille did it, and there is not a modern actress who does not think she can hold out as long as Camille did.

An actor with a cold in his head is not necessarily going to die. At a recent dinner, somone asked Rupert Hughes if he were an Englishman. "No," replied Hughes, "it's neuralgia that makes me talk like that." And likewise the actor, somewhat nasally affected, may be simply preparing for some dramatic eventuality. It may be that his cold in the head presages nothing more fatal than a sneeze from behind a curtain in Act II, thereby compromising a married lady. His condition does not represent an illness; merely a conspiracy. This leads one into the field of farce, however, where all the rules—even those of hygiene—are suspended.

Any character that complains of a sharp pain in his left side, which makes itself felt early in the action, is apt to die in the second act—generally just before the curtain descends—of heart failure. On the other hand, if the character appears hale and hearty in Act I, and develops a "slight twinge" in Act II, death will not occur before the middle of Act III.

Slight twinges are frequently accompanied by a gentle cough. Dizziness, shortness of breath, and trembling of the hands indicate a more alarming condition. The capable dramatist knows when and where to introduce these symptoms. If the cough of the theatregoer could only be controlled as effectively, it might also be employed to heighten the dramatic effect—instead of operating, as it invariably does, in the other direction.

Photo White

TESSA KOSTA

To a very sweet voice and attractive personality, the prima donna of "The Chocolate Soldier" adds a delicacy and charm of manner which give unusual distinction to the entire production. Born in Salt Lake City, where she made her first appearance in stock, Miss Kosta is identified with innumerable successes including "The Pink Lady," "The Beauty Shop," and "Chu Chin Chow"

Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

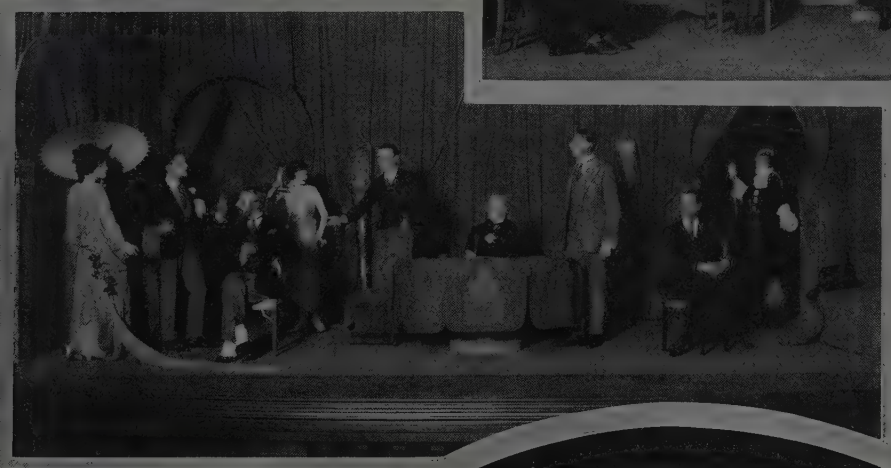
MICHIO ITOW—THE JAPANESE DANCER

This fine bronze, modelled by Allan Clark, the young American sculptor, was recently exhibited at the National Academy of Design, where it attracted much attention

ACT I. The oldest of the six Huxtable sisters has learned of the sad death of her pet frog. The family hear the news, assembled after church of a Sunday morning. Left to right: Eugenia Woodward, Warburton Gamble, Evelyn Carter Carrington, Dennis Cleugh, and Whitford Kane.

(Below)

ACT II. Mrs. Brigstock demands a "definite retraction" of the false scandal circulated about her inoffensive husband and the alluring Miss Yates. Left to right: Katherine Brook, John Roche, Marie de Becker, Ernita Lascelles, and Warburton Gamble.



(Left)

ACT III. The susceptible Major Thomas offers his seat to the pretty Parisian mannekin, but it is declined by the ladylike little Mr. Windlesham with the scathing: "Not on those roses!" Left to right: Katherine Sayre, Albert Carroll, Montague Rutherford, Dennis Cleugh, Whitford Kane, Eugene Powers and Warburton Gamble

Photos Pach Bros.

ACT IV. Constantine Madras, the gentleman from the East, and the father of the austere and intellectual Philip, returns to England after thirty years, and greets his daughter-in-law and his pathetic remnant of a wife. Left to right: Eugenia Woodward, Margaret Linden, Montague Rutherford, and Warburton Gamble

SCENES IN "THE MADRAS HOUSE" AT THE NATIONAL

"The Silver Fox"

A Comedy in Three Acts by Cosmo Hamilton

THIS play, by the author of "Scandal," etc., which gives a new twist and solution to the eternal triangle, has proved one of the substantial successes of the present season. First produced on September 5 last, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, the piece occupied the boards of that house for 3 consecutive months. The following excerpts are printed here by the courtesy of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, and the Messrs. Shubert, under whose management the play was presented

THE first act is laid in the library of the Quilter's charming and comfortable London home. Helen Quilter is a woman who has artistic tendencies and the means of indulging them. Edmund Quilter is a successful novelist who succeeds in satisfying the many wants of his exquisite wife by writing best-sellers. Helen is one of those women who are merely decorative and who spend their time first in deciding what they want and then in gratifying that want. At the moment the play begins, her desire is for a silver fox. There are two other members of the household—Christopher Stanley, a poet, and Frankie Turner, the flapper daughter of a minister, and the Quilters' cousin. Edmund is completing his latest novel and having difficulty with the illustrator. Frankie, who secretly adores him, has been making illustrations, and when she shows them to Edmund he is very enthusiastic and decides to give her all the work. They decide that Frankie shall come there to live.

QUILTER: All right. Tomorrow then. We can get to work directly after breakfast.

FRANKIE: I shall love it. To work for *you—with you!* Oh, Cousin Edmund, you don't know how happy this makes me. But—

QUILTER: But what?

FRANKIE: T h e r e ' s Cousin Helen.

QUILTER: There's always Cousin Helen. Well?

FRANKIE: What will she say to my working in your den?

QUILTER: Say? What can she say? She takes no interest in my old stuff.

FRANKIE: No, she reads literature, studies t h e great masters—

QUILTER: And spends my royalties. (*S h e laughs good-naturedly*). A beautiful woman is a more expensive hobby than old furniture.

FRANKIE: I'll go and speak to her. Is she in her room?

QUILTER: N o. She's gone fox-hunting. She's in town again choosing a pair of silver foxes.

FRANKIE: Hasn't she got them yet? She was talking about them in the spring.

QUILTER: I know, but it's easier to decide on a husband than on a silver fox. . . . She didn't show anything like so much indecision about me. She divides her time between visits to the furrier in Glasshouse Street and earnest consultation with him over the phone . . .

FRANKIE: . . . Captain Belgrave lives in Glasshouse Street, doesn't he?

QUILTER: I don't know. Probably. Why do you suddenly think of him?

FRANKIE: (*Airily*). No reason. I just happened to see him there yesterday morning.

QUILTER: . . . . I still don't see why you dragged in Belgrave. . . . . As a matter of fact, Belgrave hasn't been here for a month.

FRANKIE: (*Ingenuously, but eyeing him closely*). I wonder why. He used to be here every day.

QUILTER: Yes, but Helen treats her little friends as expert motorists treat their cars. She's probably traded Belgrave in for a newer model.

FRANKIE: I see. (*She turns away with an unbelieving smile*). But what an exquiste partnership it would be if your wife were your illustrator. (*She darts a keen look at him*).

QUILTER: Ah, now you're talking! But the millenium isn't to be found on the map of *this* world. . . . . (*Taking up drawing*). This has the right popular touch, Frankie. The flapper as everyone of 'em tries to look—you have genius, my dear.

FRANKIE: (*Springing up and taking his arm, standing close*). Oh, Edmund! How sweet of you!

QUILTER: (*Half aware of her strong sex appeal, putting his arm round her shoulder*). With you under this roof, working with me there'll be a new sense of youth in my stuff!

ACT II. Helen (*Violet Kemble Cooper*) discovers that her novelist husband (*Lawrence Grossmith*) writes "from the shoulders down," taking a keen interest in his young illustrator "Frankie" (*Vivienne Osborne*) "from the chin up"

Christopher Stanley comes in.

STANLEY: Who's at home?

QUILTER: Well, I'm damned! . . . . My dear old man, I thought you were in Switzerland! When did you get back?

STANLEY: Yesterday morning. I stayed in town.

The conversation gradually drifts to Belgrave and Stanley tells Quilter that he has gone to Belgrave's rooms earlier in the day to keep an appointment. When he arrived in Glasshouse Street, Belgrave's valet came out and said that Belgrave was occupied with two lawyers. This announcement came almost simultaneously with the arrival of a waiter and a tray laden with refreshments for two. Very much angered, Stanley said some sharp things in a loud voice, and a woman, who had on a pair of gray sandals with ankle straps, came and stood back of the Chinese screen and peeped through.

QUILTER: My dear chap, you mustn't gauge a woman's morals from her feet. Those expensive French shoes are worn by the smartest society women as well as the ladies of no visible means. Probably it was Mrs. Nicholson, a woman beyond suspicion, like Caesar's wife.

STANLEY: Mrs. Nicholson with Belgrave? That monkey?

QUILTER: Yes, but a monkey with wings—a monkey who soars among the clouds. A romantic monkey to the average woman. She's married to a man who works too hard to keep an eye on her and you know what happens, then.

STANLEY: Well, she's utterly a n d absolutely compromised by being with Belgrave. That's all I've got to say. I wouldn't give her the benefit of a n y doubt. (*He goes to the piano and plays a few bars of Grieg*). By Jove, it's good to be home again! In fact, everything's good here, even the piano, which is horribly out of tune.

Helen comes in wearing a very smart frock and a pair of g r a y sandals with ankle straps . . . She takes off her hat, sits opposite Stanley and deliberately arranges her feet so that he shall see her shoes.

HELEN: . . . . . Why didn't you give me some sort of warning of your coming back? Don't you know that women are capable of dying from sudden joy? I don't notice any great emotion at seeing me again. Perhaps

MARY GARDEN

The temperamental tempests inseparable from opera directorship leave no trace on the serene beauty of this picturesque and ever-popular prima donna. As head of the Chicago Opera Company, Miss Garden is proving to be a true cosmopolitan, wisely mingling French, Italian and German opera in the repertoire

your elusive heart has been chilled by the snow. You should have chosen a warmer place, Chris—and caught the golden glow of the sun. (*She laughs and throws her hat into a chair*). I can say things like that without an effort now—having lived so long under the same roof as a novelist and a poet. (*She presses her handkerchief to her lips to hide their tremble. From her expression it is obvious that she is emotional at the sight of Stanley, who suddenly sees her feet and gasps in horror*).

QUILTER: Sun or snow—what does it matter? One has summer and winter in one's own soul.

HELEN: Very nice, Edmund. Remember that for Frankie's album. (*She rubs her lips with her handkerchief*).

STANLEY: (*In a low, bitter voice*). Don't worry. There's nothing to be seen.

HELEN: (*Turning to him quickly*). Seen? what do you mean?

STANLEY: You know well enough. (*They look into each other's eyes*).

QUILTER: (*Seeing Helen's shoes and pointing to them with a loud laugh*). Hello!—gray sandals with ankle straps.

HELEN: (*Looking from one man to another*). What's the joke? Don't you like them?

QUILTER: Chris—let this be a lesson to you to be more charitable in your conclusions. You can't even trust your own eyes, you see.

HELEN: May I know what you two are talking about?

QUILTER: We were going into the psychology of women's feet before you came in. I don't think you'd be interested . . . Why this tragic expression, Chris? . . . .

STANLEY: (*Bursting out*). If you must know there's a certain hideous fact that makes me sick every time I come up against it.

QUILTER: Good Lord, what's that?

STANLEY: It misses you because as a man who writes popular novels you don't look truth in the face.

HELEN: It misses me, too?

STANLEY: It is that there's no such creature on God's earth as a woman of chastity.

In a few minutes Quilter goes out to answer the telephone and Helen and Stanley are left alone to continue the quarrel they have been working up since Helen's return from Glasshouse Street.

STANLEY: . . . . I didn't know that you were in Glasshouse Street today. But I *did* know that Belgrave lived there and I knew that if it was you who had lunch in his rooms and let you know that I thought so, you'd *have* to find some reason for being in that street. Women of your sort can always produce a dentist or a furrier in the same street their lovers live in. But cleverness overdone becomes stupidity and I've caught you. (*He grabs her brutally by the wrist*). Do you dare to deny that you were with Belgrave today?

HELEN: . . . . I deny nothing. Why should I? If I were with Belgrave today that's my business. If I were *not* with him a hundred denials wouldn't make you believe me. So I'll choose the middle of the road—a woman's wisest choice. I'll simply say that I am too proud to stoop to any defense and let you believe whatever you choose. But—and this I'm not too proud to deny—I shall regret our broken friendship every single hour of my life.

Quilter comes back and persuades Stanley, who is about to leave forever, to come back tomorrow for dinner. Finally, he consents on the condition that he may bring one guest—Belgrave.

HELEN: Chris, why are you so keen on having him?

STANLEY: Can't you see? A farewell dinner to which I am going to bring a guest who never gets an invitation—Truth.

HELEN: Truth and a woman at the same table? There may be blood on the board, my friend.

STANLEY: The woman will kill Truth, you mean?

HELEN: Or Truth will kill the woman, more likely.

STANLEY: Either way, there's promise of a jovial evening.

HELEN: (*Putting her hand on his arm*). But what else do you want to find out?

STANLEY: Nothing, I'm doing this for you, not for myself. I want you to see this imitation here under the light. I want to make you realize that you've flung yourself away, deliberately walked into the mire. Oh God, I looked up to you as the epitome of all that's good and beautiful in this world. You were my inspiration. You stood for all womanhood to me. Can't you see what it means to find you down on the common earth? I thought myself a millionaire and my strong box is filled with false coins. It isn't that I'm ashamed for being deceived. What hurts me to the very quick is that you, even *you*, are frail—a mere woman like the rest.

HELEN: And it's taken you all these years to discover that.

STANLEY: (*Out of control*). You were sick of posing as virtue on a pedestal, is that it? The goddess comes down from her throne to play Circe among the swine. But you can't treat this thing as a light episode and get back into your place. It's too appalling for that. It must be a tragedy. I demand it.

HELEN: Very well. Make it a tragedy. I demand it, too. (*Quilter whistles off stage. Helen immediately adopts a bright natural air as he comes on*). We'll have a merry dinner party, then. That's very sweet of you, Chris dear.

QUILTER: All settled, eh? Good. (*Stanley tries to speak, fails, stands looking at Helen as if the sky had fallen on his head, turns and goes off without a word*). Good-night, old man. You'll be all right tomorrow. Thank God, I'm not a poet! I've seen poor old Chris in queer moods before but never in one like this. Did he tell you what's the matter?

HELEN: (*Triumphantly*). He didn't have to tell me. He's in love, madly in love . . . .

She goes to the piano and begins to play. Quilter watches her.

QUILTER: Helen, you look happy for the first time since we were married.

HELEN: I am happy—indescribably happy. (*She continues to play softly. He stares at her again, shrugs his shoulders and goes to the table and picks up Frankie's drawing. His face shows great satisfaction*).

The second act is the evening of the following day, the setting is the same. Frankie has come with her trunk and is now an established member of the household. Christopher comes in.

HELEN: Chris—thanks.

STANLEY: Thanks? Why?

HELEN: For coming alone. It's good of you not to have brought Belgrave after all.

STANLEY: I never intended to *bring* Belgrave. I wouldn't be seen dead with him. I invited him over the phone and he promised to come, though he seemed puzzled at *my* asking him here.

HELEN: (*With a little laugh*). Yes, I can see that deep line between his eyes, when he listened to you.

STANLEY: He was suspicious, too, as you may imagine.

HELEN: And yet he accepted. No wonder he flies so fearlessly.

STANLEY: . . . . .Is Edmund in his den? (*He goes abruptly toward door R*).

HELEN: (*Quickly*). Yes, but don't go in. I want to talk to you.

STANLEY: There's nothing to say. It was all said yesterday.

HELEN: (*Going to him*). But there are different things to say tonight because I'm a different woman—a humble woman, Chris, who has lost her pride. I want to ask you to forget the bitter things we said yesterday. They ought never to have been spoken by two people whose friendship has been so good.

STANLEY: I can't forget. They brought on an earthquake. It overthrew everything that was firm and deep-rooted in my life. As my ideal you are buried under a heap of ruins. Do you think I can dig you out and set you up again as if nothing had happened? The age of miracles is over.

HELEN: Not if you have faith, Chris.

STANLEY: I have *no* faith. You've killed it. And I don't believe in this new humility of yours. When a proud woman suddenly goes down on her knees it's not because she's been ill-treated, but because she's got something to be frightened about.

HELEN: Like all so-called epigrams that settles everything but means nothing. My dear Chris, don't you know that there is a man in the life of every woman by whom she simply adores to be ill-treated?

STANLEY: Were you ill-treated in Glasshouse Street?

HELEN: Oh, so you're going back to Glasshouse Street. (*She turns and walks down stage C. She sees that she has no easy task in front of her*).

STANLEY: All roads lead to Glasshouse Street.

HELEN: Very well. Glasshouse Street again then, and the old argument. Say that I *was* there, and, being there, laid myself open to the worst kind of suspicion.

STANLEY: *I do say so.* I'll swear to it.

HELEN: Very well, but what has that got to do with you? You are neither my husband nor my lover and you've never wished to be. It was not the woman you loved in me. It was merely me in the abstract—a sexless me. In that case what right have you, who have never thought of me as a woman, to pass judgment on me because, for once, I may have permitted myself to become a woman?

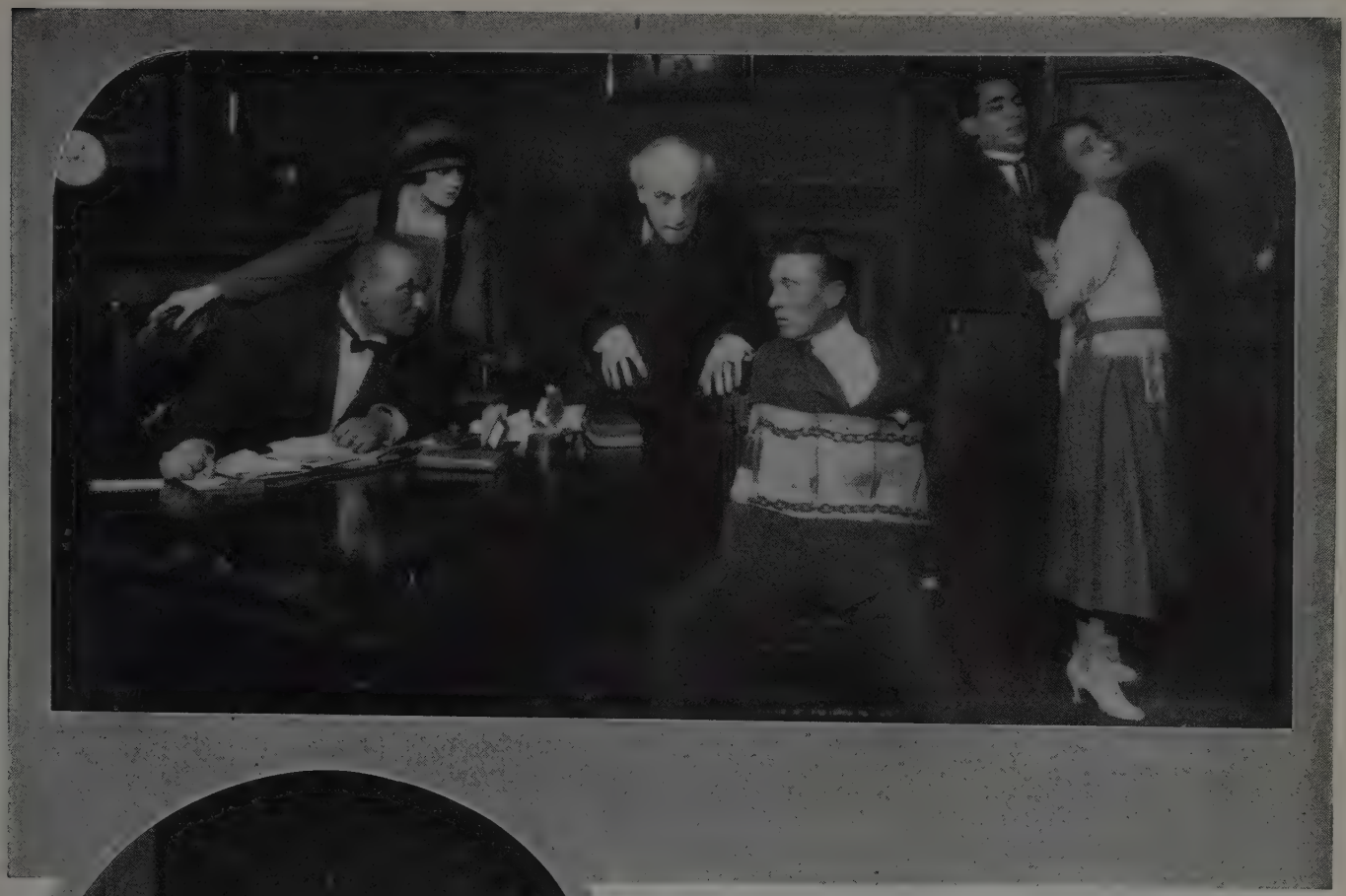


Photo White

A. E. Matthews in the English melodrama, "Bulldog Drummond"—a frank blood-curdler that recalls the halcyon days when triple-dyed villainy was greeted by the gallery with salvos of vigorous hisses

Photo White

Alice Brady and Robert Warwick in "Drifting," a play of the Chinese hinterlands marked by the beating of tom-toms and some corking melodrama

Photo White

Mary Nash and Wallace Eddinger in the cabin scene of the funny burlesque, "Captain Applejack," unmatched since the pirate activities of "Peter Pan"

THE WAY OF THE CROOK IN RECENT PRODUCTIONS

STANLEY: I'll tell you that once for all. I'm not a Pharisee. I don't set myself up as a censor of morals. I'm an average egotist trying hard to be a decent poet, to become which I must have beliefs and I must have moral support. The fixed planet under which I've tried to work was womanly virtue and you were my planet. In moving from your orbit all virtue has fallen with you. I have nothing to look up to.

HELEN: I am perfectly wiling to be hurt by you if it does you any good. But listen to me for a moment. You imagine that I gave everything in Glasshouse Street. Is that so?

STANLEY: Yes.

HELEN: Everything? How do you, the idealist, know what is in me to *give,* what is me—what is my heart, my brain, my blood? No one knows. I didn't know till yesterday. And even then I didn't know what our friendship really meant, what I *stood* for in your life. Think of that. The earthquake *had* to come, Chris—the walls had to fall so that we both might know. Can't you see that now?

STANLEY: All that is merely another form of camouflage. You seem to think that I'm one of the men who can be bluffed by vague phrases. I can't. I have an unfortunate habit of taking myself seriously.

HELEN: So seriously that you have one eye on your looking glass and the other on your tombstone.

STANLEY: (*Angrily*). And if I had a third in the middle of my forehead it would be fastened on Glasshouse Street.

HELEN: (*Shrugging her shoulders*). Well, we talk and talk but neither of us puts into words the things we want to say. I can't because no woman has ever done so before and I must stand by precedent. You indulge in symbols about fixed planets and womanly virtue and hope to see me break down under their weight. I find them as empty and as light as feathers. Let me tell you this bluntly and honestly, Chris, I would go to Glasshouse Street every afternoon without a single qualm of conscience if the right man lived there. But you're too selfish to be interested in that. You won't let yourself think of me as a woman. All you care about is that you have lost your inspiration. Well, we have come to the crossroads, Chris. We confront each other now, not as symbols, but as human beings. Look at me as I am and say whether you dare go back to Switzerland.

STANLEY: I refuse to look.

HELEN: But don't you owe me anything for having hung so long to the sky for your edification? Aren't you going to pay something of your debt by putting me back in my old place among the stars?

STANLEY: You've lost your place. You're no longer a star. You've fallen like a spent rocket.

HELEN: Very well. What *are* you going to do? You demand that this thing shall be a tragedy. Are you going to make it so by putting Belgrave into a trap tonight and prove to Edmund that he can divorce me if he likes?

STANLEY: No, although that would be the loyal thing to do by my friend. My reason for bringing Belgrave here is to show him up to you as a liar and a promiscuous lady killer and having had that satisfaction to get out and never see you again.

HELEN: Simply that?

STANLEY: Simply that.

HELEN: Do you really ask me to believe that that is all you've got in mind?

STANLEY: Yes—all.

HELEN: That your reaction from the Glasshouse Street episode leads you no farther?

STANLEY: Isn't that far enough?

HELEN: I must be very dull, but do please tell me how you are going to make the tragedy you spoke about. I can see nothing tragic either in your showing up Belgrave or in never seeing me again.

STANLEY: I have made this a tragedy by refusing to put you back on your pedestal and going out with no more faith in womanhood.

HELEN: Very beautiful but not good enough for me, Chris. Before the evening's over I will show you what *I* call making a tragedy. If it doesn't bring about the desired result it will at least give me the satisfaction of seeing you leave with memories that will haunt you even among your snows. For the moment I have nothing more to say . . . .

Alarmed by Chris' announcement that he is going away and goaded by his attitude, Helen decides impulsively to tell her husband.

HELEN: The white tombstones of dead snows have had a strange effect—a strange reaction on Chris. He has come back to green earth filled with a craving to see life and tingle with human emotion. . . . . By a most convenient coincidence he arrived at the moment when his goddess of inspiration proved not only to have feet of clay, but the gray sandals of infidelity.

QUILTER: The gray sandals of infidelity? What on earth are you driving at?

HELEN: . . . I am the woman who was caught by Chris in Belgrave's rooms yesterday.

QUILTER: What!

HELEN: Yes, Edmund, to put it in the simple poetic words that most appeal to Chris, I have been unfaithful to you.

QUILTER: Good God!

HELEN: (*Pointing to Stanley*). And there stands the prosecuting counsel.

STANLEY: (*Bluntly*). Good-night. (*He turns to go*).

HELEN: Coward. (*Stanley stops and turns*).

QUILTER: Is this true?

STANLEY: Ask your wife.

HELEN: Oh, no, no. You don't dodge your responsibility by hiding behind me. You made the rope. I've put it round my neck. Do your duty, hangman. (*She goes out*).

QUILTER: . . . She's awfully like that misunderstood animal she's been hunting for so long. Like her, the silver fox, patters on its tiny paws from one iceberg to another, seeking, seeking, and finding nothing. And all it craves is love and flattery and undivided attention—I've been waiting for this to happen. But I never thought that Belgrave would be the man.

STANLEY: Who then?

QUILTER: You, of course . . . . My dear, old Chris, I was not making Helen happy. I never was the man who had an earthly chance of doing so. But she requires happiness more than any other woman I know. Therefore, this moment was inevitable and I hoped it would come through you. You're my friend . . . . you have money enough to afford to make Helen your wife . . . But for your cursed selfishness in going abroad we might have been arranging all this in the most friendly spirit.

Act III is a sunny Autumn afternoon, a year later. The room has lost its air of comfort and artistry. Frankie and Quilter have been married, and Chris has returned from his second trip to Switzerland. There is a matter of the last paper to be signed by both Helen and Quilter. Frankie insists that Quilter refuse to see her and they compromise by giving the task to Chris. When she comes into the room, he assumes a cold air that at first hurts then angers her. Finally, in desperation, she tears up the paper which she has used only as an excuse to see them again, drops her glove on the floor, apparently leaves the room, but in reality waits on the other side of the half-closed door.

Stanley catches sight of her glove, seizes it passionately and presses it to his lips. Helen seeing this, returns joyfully, and makes a final attempt to win him over.

HELEN: I want to tell you things that no living woman has ever had the courage to say to a living man . . . . You had only to take me by the hand and lead me away and I would have followed you—

STANLEY: (*Eagerly, going closer*). Where?

HELEN: Anywhere—everywhere. But you were a coward. You saved your courage for Effie and left me to Edmund. All the same, in spirit I *did* follow and you and I *did* become your wife.

STANLEY: I'm damned if I know what you mean.

HELEN: You never did, Chris . . . . There are some things so honest that they can only be whispered—even by ghosts. (*She comes to her final effort to break his obstinancy and pride*).

STANLEY: Then whisper.

HELEN: Come closer—closer. You treat me as if I were really a ghost—your grandmother's ghost. Whereas, I tingle and thrill with the warm blood of twenty-six and my heart thumps so hard that it takes my breath away. Can you hear it, Chris? (*She draws his head against her breast*).

STANLEY: Yes, yes—Oh, my God!

HELEN: A sign of life at last!

STANLEY: If you'd made me listen to your heart before, I might have believed it was there.

HELEN: What does it tell you now that you know?

STANLEY: . . . . That I've worshipped a goddess carved in stone when I could have loved a woman of flesh.

HELEN: And you've made me cheat to let you know that.

STANLEY: I don't give a curse if you've cheated or not. You're the woman I love, the woman I want, the only woman who fires my blood . . . If I say any more the roof will fall in and we shall be dead before I've tasted your lips. Come and get married and I'll tell you the rest and I'll make you forgive the pain and the waste by proving how well I can love.

HELEN: A woman must follow the ways of a fox to break the poet and find the man. (*With a laugh and a sob she goes into his arms*).

CURTAIN

Photo Moffett

MARY DUNCAN

Actress, athlete, dancer and singer, this talented young pupil of Yvette Guilbert, formerly a Virginia society girl, is now appearing in "Face Value"

(Below)

CAROLYN FERRIDAY

New York society girl, who made her stage début as Balthazar in the Sothern and Marlowe production of "The Merchant of Venice"

Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

Photo Pach Bros.

PAULINE GARON

As the sophisticated tyro in the hectic atmosphere of "Lilies of the Field," this young actress is up to the minute in the vernacular of the demi-monde

Photo Ira L. Hill

WINIFRED LENIHAN

This actress who plays the romantic yet practical Anne in "The Dover Road" made her début in "The Bethrothal." Later she was seen in "For the Defense"

Photo Bangs

ALLYN GILLYN

After a summer spent playing leads in a Cleveland stock company, this clever young artist was seen in "Nature's Nobleman." She expects to appear shortly in a new play

Photo Campbell

LOLITA ROBERTSON

This pretty brunette, who recently returned with her actor husband, Max Figman, from a starring tour in Australia, lent charm to the rôle of Christina Palmer in "The Six-Fifty"

STAGE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

Stage Photo Co., London

Act I. The Shakespeare cottage at Stratford
Anne Hathaway (*Moyna McGill*), sees the vision of Shakespeare's characters

Shakespeare a Stage Hero

New Play Depicts Him As the Human Being, Not As the Great Poet

By CARLTON MILES

HISTORICAL characters seldom transfer to the stage without loss of identity. For one "Abraham Lincoln" there are a dozen "Man of the People." For one "Sans Gene," we have twenty "George Sands." The true play of Napoleon is still to be written. No one has brought Washington successfully within the limits of the stage frame. Charles II and Nell Gwynn cannot disguise their twentieth century manners in rented costumes. And "Great Catherine" is only George Bernard Shaw holding a samovar.

Of all notable figures, Shakespeare appears most difficult to recreate. There have been innumerable plays in which the poet is a character; not one of them has succeeded. When Clemence Dane, the British novelist, announced that she had written a drama in prose and blank verse called, "Will Shakespeare," there was high anticipation. Miss Dane already had won great praise with her first play, "A Bill of Divorcement," now running both in London and in New York, and translated for immediate production in Florence, Warsaw and Prague. The best cast obtainable was secured, including Philip Merivale and Haidee Wright, both of whom have played many seasons in the United States. The piece was rehearsed for two months; special lighting effects were secured from New York; an outlay enormous for England was expended on the production. The first night at the Shaftesbury theatre, in London, was the event of the autumn season, a brilliant and crowded house, enthusiastic applause, every sign of success. Next day came the hurricane.

Not in years have reviewers fallen on a play with such savagery as they displayed toward "Will Shakespeare." Not in years has such controversy arisen as over Miss Dane's "invention," as she terms it. Critics declared that she had taken the sacred figure of Shakespeare and made him a nincompoop. Shakespearian scholars wrote articles to the newspapers denouncing this or that scene. All united in stating that Miss Dane had not followed history. No one apparently saw that the author had cared not a tupenny whether or not she followed actual events, that her chief concern was to portray the causes that might have led to the poet's creation. She was concerned only with the man behind the drama.

It is probable that "Will Shakespeare" will be given in New York within a few months and an examination of the piece is, therefore, timely and interesting. Miss Dane has chosen the most difficult form of play to write convincingly—a combination of prose and of blank verse. She begins with the Shakespeare of Stratford in the days before fame came.

"The curtain rises on the living room of a sixteenth century cottage," read the stage directions. "The walls and ceiling are of black beams and white-washed plaster. On the left is a large open fireplace with logs burning. Beyond it a door. At the back is another door and a mullioned window half open, giving a glimpse of bare garden hedge and winter sky. On the right wall is a staircase running down from the ceiling into the room, a dresser and a light shelf holding a book or two. Under the shelf is a small table piled with papers, ink-stand, sand-box and so on. At it sits Shakespeare, his elbows on his papers, his head in his hands, absorbed. He is a boy of twenty, but looks older. He is dark and slight. His voice is low and he speaks very clearly. Behind him, Anne Hathaway moves to and fro from dresser to the central table, laying a meal. She is a slender, pale woman with reddish hair. Her movements are quick and furtive and she has a high, sweet voice that

Stage Photo Co., London

PHILIP MERIVALE AS SHAKESPEARE

shrills too easily."

Dialogue develops Shakespeare's desire to go to London and Anne's fear that he will leave, leading to an admission that she had tricked him into marriage by pretense that she was with child. A band of strolling players provides the opportunity for Shakespeare to quit the cottage. *Anne,* seven years older than her husband, pleads in vain. In a vision she sees the characters that are to appear in future plays, crying to Shakespeare to tell their stories. The poet departs.

SHAKESPEARE: Ah! London town! (*He is seen an instant, a silhouette with outstretched arms. Then he, too, disappears and there is a long silence. A cold wind blows in through the open door. The room is quite dark and the fire has fallen to ashes*).

ANNE: (*Crying out suddenly*). The years—the years before me!

MRS. HATHAWAY: Anne! Anne! Where are you? Why, what do you here in the cold, in the dark and all alone?

ANNE: I wait.

Ten years elapse between the first and second acts. In that time, Shakespeare has stormed London with a comedy, but has not appeared to develop his talents as had been expected. He has come under the eye of Elizabeth, who is disclosed at the rising of the curtain in a room in the Palace. This Elizabeth is "upright, vigorous, with an ivory white skin and piercing eyes. Her hair is dark red and stiffly dressed. She is old, as an oak or a cliff or a cathedral is old—there is no frailty of age in her. Her gestures are measured, she moves very little, and frowns oftener than she smiles, but her smile, when it does come, is kindly. Her voice is strong, rather harsh but clear. She speaks her words like a scholar, but her manner is that of a woman of the world, shrewd and easy."

Henslowe, the actor, and Mary Fitton, assumed by Miss Dane to be the "dark lady of the sonnets," are the other personages. Elizabeth commands Mary to use her coquetries with Shakespeare, who is enamoured of her, to cajole him to work. Mary, not loving the dramatist, obeys the command. They plan together, Shakespeare telling of a plot.

MARY: Oh, write it down! Ah, could you, Will, I think you could not write it.

SHAKESPEARE: I can write Romeo. Teach me Juliet.

MARY: I could if I would. Was that her name—Juliet?

SHAKESPEARE: Poor Juliet!

MARY: Not so poor if I know her. Oh, make that plain—she was not poor! And tell them, Will, tell all men and women—

SHAKESPEARE: What, my heart?

MARY: I will whisper it to you one day when I know you better. Oh, it'll be a play! Will you do it for me, Will? Will you write it for you and me? Where do they live?

SHAKESPEARE: Verona.

MARY: What shall we call it, Will? The Tragical Discourse? The Famous End? The Lovers of Verona?

SHAKESPEARE: No, no! Plain. Their two names married—Romeo and Juliet.

The second scene is back-stage at the first performance of the play. The boy who plays Juliet meets with an accident; Mary Fitton takes his place in the tomb scene. Anne Hathaway's mother comes to tell Shakespeare of his son, Hamnet, whom he never has seen and who is ill. Shakespeare promises to meet her on London Bridge at midnight and to go back to Stratford. Then returns Mary in the robes of Juliet. Temptation is too great; he breaks his promise in the spell of her embrace.

Act II. Kit Marlowe (*Claude Rains*) and Mary Fitton (*Mary Clare*)

SHAKESPEARE: Eve, Eve, Eve, the snake has been with you! You draw, you drink my soul as I your body—

MARY: Kiss!

Melodrama touches the third act which also is divided in two scenes, the first at Shakespeare's lodging where he learns from Henslowe that Anne Hathaway still awaits his return, and also that Mary Fitton has gone to the lodgings of Kit Marlowe, his companion playwright, at Deptford. Mad with jealousy, he follows close after. Marlowe and his fellows are roistering. Mary arrives in boy's clothes. Mary, entreating Marlowe, lies in his arms when Shakespeare looks through the window. The men quarrel and Marlowe, in the fight, accidentally stabs himself with his own dagger.

MARLOWE: My life, my lovely life, and cast away—Untasted, wasted—Death, let me go! (*He dies*).

Mary slinks out in the night, Shakespeare is left to face Henslowe who has followed close after and the scene ends with a gruesome dance of the revelers around the dead Marlowe.

Elizabeth is the central figure of the last act, again a room in the Palace. She learns of Marlowe's death, banishes Mary Fitton to the country and sends for Shakespeare.

ELIZABETH: Where is the new play you sold and I bought? Give me my goods! Then go!

SHAKESPEARE: A play! You are Queen, Madam, you do not live our lives; so I call you not pure devilish to keep me here for so little a thing.

ELIZABETH: Yet, I will have it from you! There's paper, pen—

I'll have your roughted-out scene ere Henslowe leaves
Tonight. And ere the ended month his play,
This English laughter ringing all her bells,
Before the pick of Europe at my court
Performed, shall link our hand with Italy,
With old immortal Athens. This you'll do,
For this you can.

SHAKESPEARE: I am to live, not write,
To love, not write of love, to live my life
As others do, to live a summer life
As all the others do!

In an extraordinarily long speech, Elizabeth outlines her own life's work.

ELIZABETH: . . . . . and we climb
(You'll climb as I do) not because we will,
Because we must. There is no virtue in it;
But some pride. Fate can force but not befool me.
I am not drunken with religious dream
Like the poor blissful fools of kingdom come;
I know the flesh is sweetest, when all's said,
And summer's heyday and the love of me;
I know well what I lose.
. . . . . .
I play my part
Not ill, not ill. Judge me, my English peer,
And witness for me, that I play not ill
My part! And if by night I weep unseen,
I weep,
Scourging my spirit down the track of the years,
Hating the name of Mary, as she said;
Yet comes and goes my hour, and comes again,
My hour, when I bear England in my breast
As God Almighty bears His universe,
England moves in me, I for England speak,
As I speak now. It is not the shut door,
But I, but England, holds you prisoner.

SHAKESPEARE: But Queen, what cometh after?

ELIZABETH: Work.

SHAKESPEARE: And after?

ELIZABETH: Sleep comes for me.

SHAKESPEARE: And after?

ELIZABETH: Sleep for you.

SHAKESPEARE: And after?

ELIZABETH: Nothing. Only the blessed sleep.

SHAKESPEARE: And so ends all?

ELIZABETH: And so all ends.

SHAKESPEARE: I have a word to say,
Give me this crown and reach the sceptre here!
The end's not yet, but yet the end is mine;
For I know what I am and what I do
At last! Give me my pen, ere the spark dies
That lights me! And now leave me!

ELIZABETH: Is the harness heavy—heavy?

Act III. Deptford Inn, London
Shakespeare surprises Kit Marlowe (*Claude Rains*), making love to Mary Fitton (*Mary Clare*)

SHAKESPEARE: Heavy as lead. Heavy as a heart.
ELIZABETH: It will not lighten.
SHAKESPEARE: Go! (*She goes out*).

The poet, left alone, turns to his work. Anne's voice comes to him.

ANNE'S VOICE: Such pain, such pain!
SHAKESPEARE: I did not know. O, tortured thing, remember,
I did not know—I did not know! Forgive—
ANNE'S VOICE: Forgiving is forgetting —no come back!
I love you. Oh, come back to me, come back!
SHAKESPEARE: I cannot.
ANNE'S VOICE: Oh, come back! I love you so. . . . . .
SHAKESPEARE: The work, the work, remains.
ANNE'S VOICE: But when you're old . . . . .
Come back to me!
SHAKESPEARE: God knows—some day.
ANNE'S VOICE: I wait.

The play ends with Shakespeare bending over his work and starting the first scene of "As You Like It."

Brief quotations cannot catch the spirit of this ambitious piece. Whether or not, Clemence Dane has succeeded in portraying the real Shakespeare, she has penetrated further than any other writer of the present generation. Had she been named Lewis Carroll or J. M. Barrie it is possible her play would have been received as "whimsical," instead of "impertinent." If the drama is done in New York, it will be interesting to learn whether or not an American public will respond to a piece in which the greatest of all dramatists is portrayed as a man, not a hero.

Miss Dane, herself, was most surprised at the London verdict. "I did not realize how near home we were," she said. "Shakespeare is as much a god to me as to anyone. I never thought for one instant that a public would resent the character if he were not heroic. I do not believe him to have been a man of action. I cannot read his plays and have that idea of his character. I think him passive, a man who experienced both suffering and misery through which he gained the experience to write. I have thought of him as a man who ate his break-

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Act III. Mary comes to Kit Marlowe's lodgings

A Chat With Anna Christie

Pauline Lord Gives Her Own Impressions of Eugene O'Neill's Heroine

By CAROL BIRD

THERE are different kinds of lilies in the fields. There are the big, blooming, gorgeous ones, hung on stalwart stalks, proof against the strongest wind. And there are fragile, drooping lilies, which blossom for a brief space of time, and then, wilted and no longer fresh, are trampled under foot by passersby.

And so with harlots. There are the brazen and hardy ones, and there are the shamefaced, delicate ones. Perhaps, the simile is not an apt one. Perhaps a woman of Mrs. Warren's profession should not be likened to a lovely blossom. But a recent play suggested the similitude. At any rate, the fact remains that there are two distinct types of naughty ladies: The lilies of the field, who wear diamond garter's and boast about them, and the Anna Christies of the world, who get imitation pearl beads, and who are not exactly proud of the way they earn their jewels.

Watch Anna, born a Christopherson, but "Christie" for professional purposes, as she enters the saloon of Johnny-the-Priest near the waterfront in New York City. She is dressed in tawdry finery, and carries a cheap, imitation leather suitcase. She wears a short, flimsy silk dress, French-heeled pumps, and a feather-decked hat. Her complexion is sallow, and her too-blonde hair is stringy and unkempt. Altogether, she is a scraggly specimen. She appears perfectly at home in a saloon, with her fingers twined about a glass of liquor. She orders whiskey straight, and tosses it off easily and in one gulp. She is not a pleasing girl, but there is something pathetic about the droop of her shoulders, the turned down mouth, the little catch in the whiskey-rasped voice. There is something world-weary about her; she gives you the impression that life has not treated her kindly, and that living holds no further allure for her.

YOU are sorry for her. Don't deny it. You sit in your velvet-upholstered theatre seat and forget that you are watching a drama. You think: That poor creature! How Life has cheated her! Has she ever been touched by anything fine and ennobling? What a sordid existence she must have led! There she sits, draggled and hopeless and ill, in a rowdy bar-room, where rough seamen meet their blowsy women pals! And to think that this girl had, perhaps, the potentialities of a splendid woman. She might have been a tender wife, a loving mother. But, instead, she is bruised and embittered, knowing all of life's ugliness; none of its beauty. She needs a friend. If only some unselfish person would be a little kind to her! Yes, you pity her. In some respects she is not much different from the "Gold Diggers," "The Easiest Way," ladies, and their sisters who neither toil nor spin. And yet, she does not arouse your antipathy. You cannot hate her, and you can almost find an excellent excuse for her mode of life.

And you aren't the only one who feels compassion for her. Pauline Lord, the actress who creates her, and who, incidentally, was made a star for the manner in which she accomplished it, is sorrier for her than you are. That is why Anna Christie appears to you a creature to be pitied, and not hated. Pauline Lord, the actress, because she sympathizes with Anna, helps you to see her virtues along with her vices; forces you to realize that Anna was thrown in the way of sinful living when too young to differentiate between right and wrong. She makes you understand that age and environment have much to do with a girl's virtue, or her lack of it. And this sympathy which Miss Lord feels for the prostitute Anna, explains pretty clearly why she likes the rôle; why Anna, the scarlet woman, is not such an obnoxious type to portray. Miss Lord agrees with Laura Hope Crewes, who, in a recent issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, set forth her reasons for refusing to portray sinful women.

HER shoulders still drooping a bit wearily, still wearing the cheap finery of Anna, with the corners of her mouth still turned down in that hopeless way of Anna's, and with traces of that odd huskiness still in her voice, Miss Lord, after a matinée performance, volunteered to explain why she had no objection to delineating a type such as Anna Christie.

"If ever a girl had an excuse for going wrong, Anna Christie had," said Miss Lord, with an air of conviction. "She was very young, ignorant, deprived of the care of father and mother, forced to lead a life of drudgery on a farm. She was love-hungry, and she was finally attacked by a libertine farm lad. Her parents were common, uneducated people; she did not even have the heritage of good blood to keep her straight. Life was not gracious to her. She knew the sordid things of this world, and tasted all of its bitter fruits. She was cheated out of all the gay, glad years of youth, knowing nothing of gaiety or wholesome pleasure. And, yet, considering all these things, Anna is not exactly a coarse, hardened, vulgar woman. Bitter, perhaps, yes, but her's is a sweet bitterness. She has a gentle, loving nature, but she has come to know too much of man's baseness, and it has left its mark upon her. Given a chance to live rightly, it is plain to be seen that Anna will not refuse it. All she wants is a home, a little love, and a companion whom she, in turn, can love and respect. One can readily believe that, this modest desire fulfilled, she will lead a clean life.

MISS CREWES is right. Women of the stage do not, as a rule, like to be assigned rôles of sin-drenched women. They feel no particular sympathy for them, and, sympathy, you know, is the emotion which gives a part reality. My stage career has been a long one, dating back to the days of the old Alcazar in California, and during those years I have handled many rôles which did not attract me. And I have had to play the part of bad women often, bad women with no justification for their sins. More recently, there was the rôle in 'The Deluge,' a wicked, wicked woman; and the poor wench in Gorky's 'Night Lodging,' and the altogether detestable Delila in 'Samson and Delila.' But to offset them there were my rôles in 'Big Game,' 'On Trial,' and 'Out There,' three of my favorites."

Here Miss Lord was interrupted by an actress who had a small collection box and a bunch of tiny blue lilies of the valley, sprays of which she proffered in exchange for contributions to the philanthropic cause for which she worked. As Miss Lord dropped in a coin, the actress, an emotional young woman, flung her arms about her neck, and commenced, in extravagant phraseology, to tell her how she had admired her work.

"It was glorious, divine, marvellous, inspirational," said the visitor, plainly partial to adjectives. "You are a genius! You are too wonderful for words! You stirred me to the depths. Oh, my dear, we love you for the way you interpret your art! I simply choke all up when I attempt to express my true feelings. I—"

DON'T try," said Miss Lord. "It is good of you to come and tell me that you like my work. I value it, especially because you, too, are in the profession. I will not deny that I like compliments. Who does not? Thank you for calling. Come again." Somehow, one could imagine Anna Christie talking in that crisp way to—say—a gushing young Christian Endeavorite, who talked in superlatives, who might be imparting to her a bit of Pollyanna philosophy. Curt, but gracious, grateful, but not too grateful. Listening courteously, but not desirous of hearing too much. Well, it takes time to throw off the cloak of a strange personality and to don one's own. Miss Lord admits that sometimes she talks, and actually feels, like Anna Christie for half an hour or more after each performance. The caller departed. Miss Lord took up her subject at the point where she was interrupted.

"Sometimes, when I've had rôles of wicked women—the sort of women who did not strike a responsive chord in me, I've heard criticisms to the effect that I acted indifferently. Well, I felt utterly indifferent. How could I keep it out of my acting? Like Miss Crewes, I also dislike to play the part of a weeping woman. Nor have I ever had the desire to play the dyed-in-the-wool beautiful leading lady

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Hutchinson, Chicago

MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ

To sing Delilah so well that the manager of the Chicago Opera Company chose "Samson and Delilah" as the initial offering of the New York season, is no small feather in the cap of Mme. Marguerite D'Alvarez, the Peruvian contralto who first made her début here under the direction of Oscar Hammerstein. Mme. D'Alvarez was recently seen at the Town Hall in a recital of French, Italian and Russian songs

In The Spotlight

Photo Bruguiere

MARTHA BRYAN ALLEN

This young actress, who made a hit as the little maid servant in "The Wife With a Smile," comes from Louisville, Ky. After some experience in a local stock company, she came to New York and studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Later she was seen in Al Jolson's production of "Lei Aloha." Then came the opportunity with the Theatre Guild which brought her right into the spotlight

(Below)

IDEN PAYNE

Iden Payne, now appearing in "The Great Broxopp," is a member of the younger men of the Manchester group who came into theatrical prominence about 1907. With Miss Horniman he directed the famous Repertory Theatre in Manchester and afterwards carried its banner with his own companies to other cities. After that Mr. Payne came to this country and directed and acted in Philadelphia and Chicago in contemporary English drama, and in a revival of Sheridan's "Critic." For a number of years thereafter he staged Frohman productions, among them "Hobson's Choice," "Caesar's Wife," "Declassée," "Dear Brutus," and "Mary Rose"

Photo White

CHARLES FRANCIS

A very human character is Larry Sturgis whose life-long platonic friendship for the erring Julie is one of the best features of "The Varying Shore." As impersonated by this player he is both lovable and sympathetic. Mr. Francis, an English actor formerly with Sir F. R. Benson, Cyril Maude, and Sir Herbert Tree, was brought to America in 1911 by George Tyler to play in "The Thief." Later he was seen in "Justice," in "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde," "Declassée," Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart," and O'Neill's "Gold"

(Left)

FRANK SHANNON

An outstanding performance in O'Neill's play, "Anna Christie," is that of Mat Burke, the bellicose Irish lover, impersonated with grim realism and picturesque vigor by Frank Shannon. This virile young player is by no means a newcomer to Broadway. He was in the New York productions of "An Englishman's Home," "The Flag Lieutenant," "Detective Sparkes," "The Speckled Band," and other Frohman productions. Then he temporarily disappeared from the Rialto, playing stock for several years in other cities. Before his present engagement in "Anna Christie," he supported Bertha Kalich in "The Riddle Woman"

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

PLYMOUTH. "THE IDLE INN." Play in 3 acts, from the Yiddish of Feretz Hirshbein. Produced December 20, with this cast:

Schakne	Whitford Kane
Esther	Joanna Roos
Bendet	Louis Wolheim
Mendel	Edward G. Robinson
Maite	Eva MacDonald
Hyenne	Mary Shaw
Eisik	Ben Ami
Leibush	Sam C. Jaffe

DISAPPOINTMENT was the recompense which playgoers received at the opening of Arthur Hopkins' production, "The Idle Inn," with Ben Ami. The play failed to realize the laudatory comments that had preceded it, while Ben Ami's accomplishments resembled little less than a *debacle.*

That this actor has flashes of genius was demonstrated at his first appearance on the English speaking stage last year in "Samson and Delilah"; that this genius has been overestimated and unduly exploited by overzealous friends is also apparent. The fact is regrettable for many reasons. It has misled the public and perhaps harmed an actor whose intentions, at least, are noticeable for their sincerity. The blame must, undoubtedly, be placed on those persons who, carried away by their own extravagant personal feelings, have raised this promising player to heights he has not yet attained. Ben Ami is an actor with certain distinctive powers, individualism being the most promising of these. These powers, however, are, as yet, unrefined, unvaried and unrestrained. The most casual observer must notice that he acts spurtively. One moment he is tempestuous and the next minute static, posing aimlessly in the background, entirely out of the story. He has all the tricks that are associated with the Continental school, and foists these forth in lieu of authenticity and sincerity.

The play itself is a tiresome, hybrid affair, involved and lagging, a combination of realism, mysticism and symbolism. A translation of a Yiddish folk tale, it has for its central figure, Eisik, a young horse thief, who is talkative, rodomontade and picturesque, supremely conscious, above all, of his power to captivate women.

It is the demonstration of this power that makes the play, for the self-assured horse thief makes love in duo, quartette and ensemble. In short, wherever there are women, regardless of their age or station, he must promptly slap them on the back, smack them with a kiss, or carry them off entirely. His chief love, however, is directed toward his cousin Maite (Eva MacDonald) who, being dutiful to her parents, relinquishes him for silly Mendel, the son of a neighbor. Her decision brings about many evil consequences, for in the midst of her own wedding, she is spirited off by a company of mysterious merchants, avenging spirits, who resent the fact that she is to make her home in the Idle Inn. Somehow, Eisik is in league with these spirits, for in the last act he has obtained possession of his beloved Maite. He swears that he will hold her forever, and to all appearances he does, for though the parents and the guests all hunt in the befogged wood and strive to carry her back home, they fail because of a complex chain of circumstances—partly mystical, partly magical, and partly amorous.

In brief, "The Idle Inn," is a very dull and obscure play and neither the much-vaunted acting of Ben Ami, the studied acting of Eva MacDonald as Maite, and the fine characterizations of Whitford Kane could make it otherwise, or save it from the oblivion to which it was soon consigned.

CORT. "CAPTAIN APPLEJACK." A play in 3 acts, by Walter Hackett. Produced December 29, with this cast:

Lush	John Gray
Poppy Faire	Phoebe Foster
Mrs. Agatha Whatcombe	Marie Wainwright
Ambrose Applejohn	Wallace Eddinger
Anna Valeska	Mary Nash
Mrs. Pengard	Helene Lackaye
Horace Pengard	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Ivan Borolsky	Hamilton Revelle
Palmer	Maud Andrew
Dennett	Walter F. Scott
Johnny Jason	Harold Vermilye

THOUGH "Captain Applejack" recalls vividly the heroics of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," it has, nevertheless, enough original humor, surprise and action to make it go. It is urbane and colorful. The cast, in particular, is a splendid one, including many prominent players in roles that show them in a new light. There is, for instance, Hamilton Revelle, in the dual capacity of a Russian spy and a blood-thirsty pirate; Mary Nash, as a dashing adventuress, speaking a continental dialect, and later impersonating a passionate Spanish lady; and Ferdinand Gottschalk as a clairvoyant and a heathen Chinee. These dual characterizations are all brought about by the double nature of the play which is partly a thing of reality and partly a dream.

Ambrose Applejohn, the hero, is heroic in name only; he is a bored English gentleman who is so tired of his monotonous, genteel life, that he longs for adventure, love at first sight, hand-to-hand fights, discomfort, even pain. In order to secure these, he advertises his country home for sale, to the astonishment of his aunt, and his ward. Oddly enough, prospective buyers begin to arrive on the very night the advertisement appears and they are a strange and mysterious lot, all with secret purposes of their own, and counter antagonisms. Before he can turn about, the bored Applejohn is engulfed in enough adventure to satisfy three heroes. He is buffeted about in a sea of Bolshevism, jewel thefts, hold-ups, escapes, captures and surprises.

It is all very funny and effective and there is always enough realism to leaven the burlesque. In the midst of the general suspense, Applejohn falls asleep and then his adventures start all over again, but in an entirely new locale. This time the scene is a pirate ship and he is its captain, suddenly grown brave and swaggering about in flapping boots, and shouting "scum" at a motley crew of retainers. His ship, like all good pirate ships, holds a great treasure and the omnipresent lady in distress.

The possession of both these is sought by the chief officer, Applejohn's rival, who persuades the crew to mutiny. At his bidding, they rush, bloodthirsty, to the cabin in what is a genuinely funny burlesque, unmatched since the pirate activities of "Peter Pan." Their threats have no terror for Applejohn who easily outwits them with a bit of noise and by cheating at cards.

The play is brought to an end by means of a number of ingenious contretemps, with parts of the dream overlapping the return to reality. Applejohn properly discovers his latent love for his ward; finds a real treasure and decides never to be bored again. Inimitable was Wallace Eddinger as the droll Applejohn. Other members of the excellent cast were Marie Wainright, Helen Lackaye and Harold Vermilye.

KNICKERBOCKER. "BULLDOG DRUMMOND." Melodrama in 4 acts, by Capt. Cyril McNeill. Produced December 26, with this cast:

Capt. Hugh Drummond	A. E. Matthews
Algy Longworth	Geoffrey Millar
Peter Darrel	H. Franklyn Bellamy
Carl Peterson	Sam Livesey
Dr. H. Lakington	C. H. Croker-King
James Handley	St. Clair Bayfield
W. Hocking	William W. McNeill
William G. Travers	George Barraud
Denny	Edward M. Favor
Derbyshire	Thomas Gillen
Marcovitch	Wallace Hickman
Brownlow	James A. Boshell
A Chinese Mute	G. Tracy Barrow
Irma Peterson	Mary Robson
Maid	Augusta Davis
Phyllis Benton	Dorothy Tetley

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND" proves amply that what has been done before can be done again, and gives cause for pause to those too-sure prophets who asserted that the movie palace had done away with ten-twent-thirt plays and audiences so far as Broadway was concerned. Of course, it is wholly possible that the English *cachet* carried by this most recent importation from the Strand, gives to the proceeding greater sanction than if its producers had pulled it down from the dusty store-house shelves of the old New Star Theatre. "Bulldog Drummond" is no better and no worse than the frank blood-curdlers that stalked the boards in that happy day, and—taken for what it is—will supply an excellent evening's entertainment.

Triple-dyed villainy in the form of a criminal trio who keep millionaires in vile durance for the sake of gain and death by strangling at the hands of a highly combative hero, provide the thread of thrill along which a quite preposterous, but captivating, story is hung. I understand that London has been struggling to get past the S. R. O. sign for a taste of "Bulldog Drummond" several months past, and it would appear at present writing as though New York were to follow suit. Then, what with the movies of the opus and the newspaperized novels of it, the indominitable Drummond will probably be with us during most of the "ten year holiday."

The author of the piece is Captain Cyril McNeill who, writing under the name of "Sapper," since the war, has contributed a quantity of stuff to the London stage. His present work is wholly without novelty or ingenuity and bases its movement entirely on the tried-and-true variety of melodramatic clap-trap. It works.

The part of the Bulldog is in the hands of A. E. Matthews who gives a likeable, though not notable, performance. The rest of the cast does its little villainies and heroics very creditably.

THE PLAYHOUSE. "DRIFTING." Play in 3 acts, by John Colton and D. H. Andrews. Produced January 2, with this cast:

Mrs. Cook	Jane Corcoran
Deacon Cook	H. Mortimer White
Dr. Hepburn	Burr Curruth
Willie Bates	Barry Fitz Patrick
Ernie Crocket	H. D. Bogart
Cassie Cook	Alice Brady
Mrs. Polly Voo Frances	Florence Short
Foo Chow Lizzie	Blandhe Wallace
Rangoon Rose	Winifred Lawshe
Number One Mafu	William Blaisdell
Number Two Mafu	Cornelius Bull
Number Three Mafu	Olaf Laven
Molyneaux	Leward Meeker
Flock	Maxwell Driscoll
Monsieur Repin	Franklyn Fox
Bad Lands McKinney	Robert Warwick
Dr. Li Shen Kueng	Lumsden Hare
Lady Beamish	Selene Johnson
Cyril Trenwyth	Leonard Cary

ONCE again, Impresario Brady launches out with a costume play in a season of cruel and biting winds, not to mention lightning storms, in which to be sure to see a play at all one should really go to its first night—for the very good reason that there may not be a second. Moreover, there are forty people in "Drifting," who come and go and are all over the place for reasons which would seem to have more to do with a desire to splurge than with the needs of the plot.

Again, in "Drifting" are we face to face with the lately popular American wastrel deep in the Chinese hinter-lands which, for some peculiar reason known best to playwrights, have a singularly strong regenerative effect. But the progress of Cassie Cook, in the always piquant person of Alice Brady, and Bad Lands McKinney, played to the hilt by Robert Warwick, is marked by the beating of tom-toms and some corking melodrama. The plot, based, I am told, on a magazine short story, has flavor and strength and John Colton and Daisy Andrews have made a good job of its dramatization. The production is lavish and colorful, and I can only admire the fortitude of a manager who, after "Marie Antoinette" would plunge into so liberal a venture.

Alice Brady, to return to a subject which is always popular with me, continues to grow. She is ready to do something really fine, and I hope it comes her way soon.

BELMONT. "S. S. TENACITY." Play in 3 acts, from the French of Charles Vildrac. Produced January 2, with this cast:

Therese	Marguerite Forrest
Widow Cordier	Jennie Dickerson
Bastien	George Gaul
Segard	Tom Powers
Hidoux	Augustin Duncan
An English Sailor	Claude Cooper
A Young Workman	Howard Claney
Another Workman	Robert H. Forsythe
An Old Workman	R. Henry Handon

WHAT charm the "S. S. Tenacity" may have originally possessed has been lost through translation and adaptation. As presented at the Belmont Theatre, it is but a hackneyed story, tenuous and slow, stretched cruelly to make a full evening's performance.

Bastien and Segard are two young Frenchmen who decide to embark for Canada on the S. S. Tenacity in search of their fortunes. The ship is delayed and the two young men put up at a hotel. Here they both fall in love with a little waitress who has a singularly ingenuous attitude toward life and toward love. She straightway becomes the principal figure in a bold, quite immoral, seduction, and a subsequent elopement. For though she appears to be in love with Segard during the first half of the

play, she willingly submits to Bastien's proposals, and later runs away with him, presumably to become his wife. Thus, the abandoned Segard, who was the weak one, becomes suddenly strong, takes a sad farewell and starts out for Canada alone. As the play progresses there appears from time to time an old drunkard, Hidoux, who has something of the function of a chorus. He comments on the action and recites many lines notable for their plain truth and beauty. This part, admirably played by Augustin, saves the play from being a complete *fiasco*. It was difficult, however, to imagine that this easy-going, slouchy drunkard came from the same being who had before given forth the saintly speeches of John Ferguson.

Marguerite Forrest surprised a bored audience with her acting, which was captivatingly simple, graceful and filled with a bourgoise wistfulness. George Gaul, as Bastien, recalled a mixture of the Artful Dodger and a chorus man, while Tom Powers, as Segard, successful only in his farewell scene, recalled the unctious movements of a country curate. It is difficult to suppose also that a French restaurant would be as bleak as the one Robert Edmound Jones painted. Wouldn't there be at least one highly colored portrait of a dancing girl in red, kicking a plug hat?

REPUBLIC. "LAWFUL LARCENY." Play in 3 acts, by Samuel Shipman. Produced January 2, with this cast:

Marion Dorsey	Margaret Lawrence
Andrew Dorsey	Allan Dinehart
Judge Perry	Felix Krembs
Mrs. Davis	Martha Mayo
Mrs. French	Ida Waterman
Vivian Hepburn	Gail Kane
Celeste	Bijoute La Violette
Guy Tarlow	Lowell Sherman
Marion Sylvester	Margaret Lawrence
Mr. French	John Stokes
Mr. Davis	Frazier Coulter
Nora	Sara Haden
Detective Farrel	John Sharkey

ANDREW and Marion Dorsey have been married five years and they have one child, a son. They love each other and are happy. While Marion is on a trip to California, Andrew meets and is ensnared by a beautiful but deadly vampire, one Vivian Hepburn, who, working rapidly, ruins him financially but not quite, morally. When Marion returns, Andrew manfully makes a full confession of his lapse.

Does Marion lie down and let the other woman walk off with the spoils? She does not. She applies for and obtains (under her maiden name) a position as private secretary to the vampire, and proceeds to execute a revenge on her which is neat and complete.

This is an outline of Mr. Shipman's latest work, which he has accomplished without aid of a collaborator, and which affords a most amusing and satisfactory evening's entertainment. Things quite unexpected happen frequently, and now and then one's credulity is strained—or would be if there were time to notice it. But there isn't, for the pace is rapid, and there is never a dull moment.

FORTY-NINTH STREET. "FACE VALUE." A comedy from the Italian of Sabatino Lopez, adapted by Solita Solano. Produced December 26, with this cast:

Cecilla Leonard	Nellie Burt
Henry	M. A. Kelly
Edward Barton	Lee Millar
Jose Henriquez	Leo Ditrichstein
Alexis Borozouff	Alexis Polianov
Harry Stewart	Hugh O'Connell
Mrs. Rose Jennings	Josephine Hamner
Alma Curtis	Frances Underwood
Dr. Frederick Curtis	Orlando Daly
Arabella Mapes	Clara Mackin
Miss Farrell	Mary Duncan

THOSE people who have admired Leo Ditrichstein and found pleasure in the gallantry of his bearing, his courtly wooings and his romantic spirit, will find him strangely changed in "Face Value," an intolerably dull comedy from the Italian of Sabatino Lopez, done laboriously into English by Miss Solita Solano. Furthermore, those people who do see Mr. Ditrichstein in the role of Jose Henriquez, will never be able to think of him in another except by the greatest effort, for he has made himself into an unforgettable comic valentine, quite hideous, with upstanding, brick-red hair, a flabby, pinkish skin and enormous black-rimmed glasses.

Gone are all the fascinations of his dialect, except for an occasional—usually German—lapse. His part in the story, likewise, is a rather dubious one, for in striving to uphold the doctrine that Face Value means nothing in love, he contrives to entangle all the women characters in sentimental complications. His chief activities concern the light-minded wife of his friend, Dr. Curtis. She, poor lady, has been somewhat neglected and is about to commit an indiscretion when, under the influence of wine and Henriquez's wiles, she switches from the absent lover to Henriquez, himself. For one whole act, the plot centers about the obvious pretense that Henriquez is in her apartment for perfectly innocent reasons and that, were he not detained by an imaginary headache and fatigue, he could easily get away and leave the lady to her own inclinations and the protection of her lawful husband.

In the last act, however, everything turns out all right; that is, the lady rejoins her husband, thanks Henriquez for his nobility in bringing her to her senses and gives him many compliments. Henriquez, now full of righteous pride in his own goodness, proposes to Arabella, the lady's friend and, thanks to or despite—the fact is not clear—his ugliness, wins her immediately. Of course, Mr. Ditrichstein does as much with this anomalous role as an experienced actor could do, but when this has been said, all has been said. The supporting cast, with the exception of Frances Underwood as Mrs. Curtis, is not up to the standard of a small town stock company. And the settings are not even this good, being ugly, cheap and garish.

Just why an experienced producer should have chosen to offer this play to the public, it is difficult to say.

39TH STREET. "DANGER!" Play in 3 acts, by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced December 22, with this cast:

Mrs. Sturgess	Gilda Leary
Percy Sturgess	Leslie Howard
Mrs. Scorrier	Marie Goff
Elizabeth	Ruth Hammond
Mary Hubbard	Kathlene MacDonell
John Fitzroy Scorrier	H. B. Warner
Albert	Stapleton Kent
Hon. Algernon Meakin	Knox Orde

THE clinical drama is comparatively new in our midst; psychiatrical disclosures have but recently stepped out of White & Jeliffe onto the boards. Hence, a play which pretended to probe deep into the soul of a sexless and over-ambitious woman would seem, at the outset, to be imbued with at least the essence of originality. But, oddly enough, Cosmo Hamilton's latest opera, "Danger," while pretending to step into the new field of dramatic analysis, proceeds so markedly away from the point of originality as to be wholly banal. A more time-worn

theatrical parcel would be difficult to find.

H. B. Warner, as the lawyer who yearns for the warmth of real love, seems to have lost nothing of that suave personality which endeared him to the caramel brigade before he deserted Broadway for the films. If anything, he has grown as an actor. His passionless wife, played by Marie Goff, was interpreted by that artist as being not so much passionless as monotonous; neither the character nor Miss Goff's performance scratched the surface of the possibilities underlying Mr. Hamilton's idea. The whole proceeding suggested a playwright bored with both his work and his audience.

GARRICK. "He Who Gets Slapped." Play in 4 acts, by Leonid Andreyev. Produced January 9, with this cast:

Briquet	Ernest Cossart
Mancini	Frank Reicher
Zinida	Helen Westley
Angelica	Martha Bryan Allen
Estelle	Helen Sheridan
He	Richard Bennett
Jackson	Henry Travers
Consuelo	Margalo Gillmore
Alfred Bezano	John Rutherford
Baron Regnard	Louis Calvert
A Gentleman	John Blair
Conductor	Edwin R. Wolfe

HERE is a play that frankly lurks in the shadows. One must believe that the translation of Gregory Zilboorg brings to us a faithful interpretation of the author's meanings and desires, and, so believing, one is necessarily impressed with the absence of that constantly moving drama which finds a place in the works of practically all the important Russians, Andreyev included. There is dramatic idea in abundance and dramatic characterization, but action and movement there is not, save at intervals, and were it not for the sheer poetic beauty of the arresting and discursive scenes, and were it not for the imagery and attractiveness of the picture, the task of attempting to peer into the metaphysical mysteries of the play's intent might be a somewhat arduous one.

Andreyev has turned to a most picturesque locale in which to pitch his play. To the green-room of a little circus in some small French town, filled to the over-flowing with colorful panoply and people of the ring, comes a stranger—an aristocrat who, seeking to escape from "out there"—the world of manners that has betrayed his hopes—seeks employment as a clown. Known as He, the One who Gets Slapped, he quickly becomes one of the gay-faced circus family—only to learn, through falling in love with Consuelo, the lovely bareback rider, that the tragedy of "here" is as great as the one from which he has sought to escape—that they are, in fact, undivorcible, inseparable. The play, for all its French setting, is Asiatic in the extreme—and one senses a circus nearer to Moscow than to Paris.

The task of the production's direction strikes me as being little short of monumental, and, with the materials given and the time available, Robert Milton has accomplished a masterly result. Richard Bennett, as He, gives an interesting, always dignified characterization, marred at times by a too hesitant tempo; in the love scene with Consuelo he reaches a height which marks the best this player has ever accomplished.

Margalo Gillmore, as the captivating and unsophisticated Consuelo, re-established herself as an artist of immeasurable promise. Her very uncertainties tend to breathe added reality to the portrayal, and in her big moments one finds, more than one has been able to before, the fire and sureness of a very definite interpretative genius. She sings and is Consuelo, and, when in the death scene, she comes to bend over slowly like a little swan and expire, she attains an effect that would have gladdened the heart of the Russian master, himself.

Ernest Cossart as "Papa" Briquet is not at all the "Papa" of his circus family, nor the book-hating illiterate that Andreyev has wanted him to be. Frank Reicher as "Count" Mancini, the rascally guardian of Consuelo, is slower and heavier than suits the part of an Italian renegade and adventurer. Louis Calvert is an admirable Baron.

BIJOU. "The Dover Road." Play in 3 acts, by A. A. Milne. Produced December 23, with this cast:

Dominic	George Riddell
Latimer	Charles Cherry
Leonard	Reginald Mason
Anne	Winifred Lenihan
Eustasia	Molly Pearson
Nicholas	Lyonel Watts

THE ever-entertaining Mr. Milne has added a new success to his list of charming drawing-room comedies which bids fair to out-pym "Mr. Pym." Who but the creator of that aimable passer-by could have conceived the rencontre of a husband and a lover as the husband wrestles with shaving-mug and razor in the hall of a respectable English country-house, or the first breakfast of a romantic girl with her partner in elopement when the latter, unshaven, uncombed and more interested in kippers than in endearments, has just contracted a heavy and audible cold, or the connubial bliss of a man whose wife soothes his sick pillow by prolonged extracts from Gibbon's "Roman Empire"?

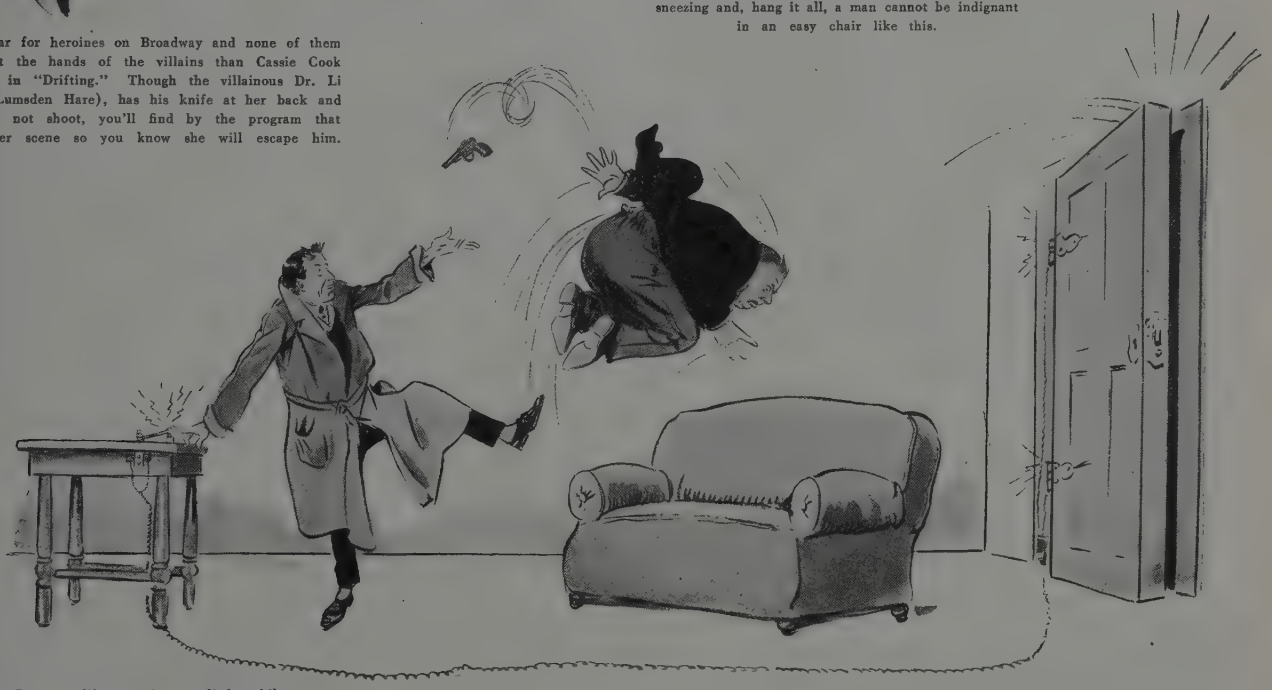
"The Dover Road" is the road which leads from London to Calais, from a not too happy first marriage to a frequently still more unhappy second one. Mr. Latimer, a whimsical and wealthy bachelor, living just off the Dover road, indulges his altruistic vein by detaining runaway couples en route, and giving them the rare opportunity of a full week of uninterrupted companionship before marriage. The experiment frequently proving a complete success, the couples go rejoicing on their single ways or return to the bosoms of their first marriages, as the case may be. In the case of Leonard and Anne, and Eustasia and Nicholas—the eloping couples of this play—Mr. Latimer proves to be a most providential *deus ex machina*. That Latimer, himself, should be caught in his own toils, and that Leonard and Nicholas should run away together in the last act, are among the unexpected twists that Mr. Milne gives his play, which is delightful entertainment from start to finish.

The piece is ably cast, from the charming, if eccentric Latimer, played by Charles Cherry, to the infallible Dominic, as enacted by George Riddell, and his excellent staff. Winifred Lenihan, the attractive and romantic, but uncommonly sensible Anne, and Lyonel Watts, the ensnared Nicholas of the play, take the more youthful roles with sympathy and ease. The hunted expression of Nicholas' face when "his Eustasia" puts pillows to his back and feeds him with a spoon, in both a literal and a figurative sense—is a thing never to be forgotten.

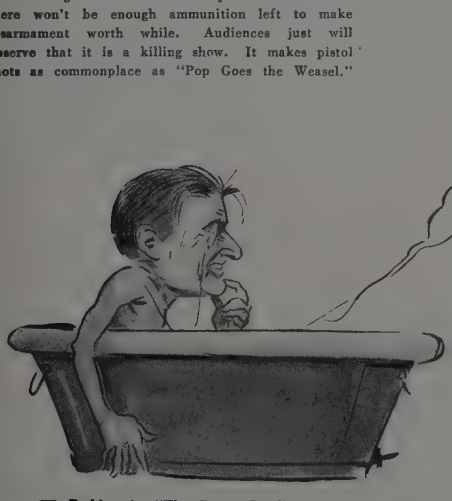
TONY SARG ALSO GOES TO THE PLAY

is a bad year for heroines on Broadway and none of them ffers more at the hands of the villains than Cassie Cook lice Brady), in "Drifting." Though the villainous Dr. Li en Kueng (Lumsden Hare), has his knife at her back and e hero dares not shoot, you'll find by the program that ere is another scene so you know she will escape him.

In "The Dover Road" you can appreciate the gentlemanly discomfiture of Leonard (Reginald Mason), whose elopement has been interrupted. He might be the hero of the piece if it weren't for his sneezing and, hang it all, a man cannot be indignant in an easy chair like this.



If "Bulldog Drummond" runs just a little while there won't be enough ammunition left to make disarmament worth while. Audiences just will observe that it is a killing show. It makes pistol shots as commonplace as "Pop Goes the Weasel."



Bathing in "The Dover Road" has a salutary effect on outrageous Mr. Latimer (Charles Cherry), for it makes him stop plotting for the moment against romantic, eloping couples and turns his thoughts to poetry.

In "Captain Applejack"—the skipper (Wallace Eddinger), cuts up rough with the whole cast. He calls them "S-s-scum"—loud enough to be heard three blocks away. And at Mary Nash whom you see in the picture he bellows "Hell-cat." If all this doesn't convince you of his bravery, consider his entry into Broadway's bare knee contest.

What Is Expected of American Playwrights?

By MELCHIOR LENGYEL

Author of "The Czarina," "The Typhoon," etc.

SHOULD anyone ask me, what the world has gained from the work of the American playwright, I might recall several well written dramas and comedies and remember their titles more easily than the names of their authors. Quite the reverse would be the case if we were speaking of the English drama, for English stage literature has produced such names as Shaw, Bennett, Milne, Galsworthy, Barrie, Jerome, Maugham, etc.

Going the rounds of the Broadway theatres, the question arises in one's mind, how is it possible that, with all the technical and financial resources of this great country, with stage management and technical resources far exceeding anything possible today in Europe, how is it that, considering the cumulative, potential strength of American stage production, the world at large has not benefited to a greater extent from American stage literature? In a word, what should the world today expect from the American dramatist and the American stage?

We, in Europe, expect from young America the rebirth or revival of everything that is fine in the theatre—something to offset the brooding, pessimistic stage literature of our older civilization—something that will bring the freshness and hopefulness of youth to banish the darkness and depression that has prevailed in the old world for several decades past. There has certainly been good reason for these conditions. Literature is not an isolated unit. It is interwoven with the society upon which it thrives, and it is doomed to the same decay modern society is undergoing. We all know the horrible economic and social strain under which Europe has labored these last fifty years, while the world war was casting its sinister shadow far ahead.

PESSIMISTIC genius was born of this dark, critical period. To the stage came writers like Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw who, even though he laughs, seems to feed his gaiety on pain and sorrow. Then came the analytical authors, born of the same pessimistic age, the French, the Russian, the Italian, the German and the Hungarian playwrights who follow the sombre paths of life, producing fine, yet painful, analytical, dramatic conflicts.

Life is not all gloom. Like the moon, it is dark only on one side, the other side is full of sunshine and happiness. There is just as much comedy in our daily existence as tragedy. Man naturally laughs more than he weeps. In young countries, like America, the dark tragedies of the past —remnants of the depression of the middle ages, a sort of deadly historical inheritance, —do not crush the flowery humor of the heart and mind. There are no traditional prejudices, no hates and antagonisms to contend with. In America, where the possibilities are greater for the individual, where more advantageous conditions paint the horizon more rosy, where men are younger, more optimistic—we expect the birth of a finer, better drama, a drama of gaiety and happiness that shall spread its radiance all over the world and put renewed youth and joy into the hearts of men as happened once before when America produced a Mark Twain.

THE question arises: does the American stage, as constituted at present, assist or hinder the birth of dramatic genius? If I may be permitted to say so—though being a guest here I, perhaps, have no right to criticize—I would state that your stage rather hinders than helps the development of a great national drama. Playwrights, to develop genius, can only be original and individual. The general tendency of the American stage—with due respect to the few notable exceptions—is hostile to individuality. Individuality is crushed under the yoke of tried and accepted formulas, and your managers who profess to know the taste of their public are the masters in this oppressive game. They shrink from everyone who shows originality and individuality, and my impression is—though possibly I am mistaken —that it is as easy today for the mediocre writer to reach the American stage as it is difficult for those who have something unusual to say to gain a hearing.

Even during my short stay in America, I observed that the American public shows just as much appreciation for what is fine and original as the best public in Europe, and without the slightest doubt, your public is more appreciative than any I have ever seen in any auditorium in Europe. It is a thankful, somewhat naive, yet lovable, public. It is child's play to make your audiences laugh and still easier to make them cry.

I cannot comprehend why your so-called "play doctors" are so much afraid of their public and why they underrate, so much, its intelligence when there are all indications that your theatregoers really appreciate good literature and originality, and are quite able to differentiate between good and original work, and the "stuff" they are continually given in your theatres.

I AM not a so-called *littérateur,* out to provide bad "book plays" and insisting on making the public swallow them. I know all the humbug that is going on in Europe under the guise of literature, but I should be sorry if the American public, which deserves to get the best and finest the world can produce in the way of entertainment, should fall short of getting it because of unwarranted prejudices. And it would be a greater pity still, to see the world go short of the productive results of original and individual American writers, who, lacking encouragement, cannot get a hearing and a chance of development—writers who could mirror to the world, the youth, the energy and the likeable qualities of America.

These talents can only come forward and use their wings if the writer's individuality is a respected thing and an asset not to be trifled with, if he receives the necessary backing, when the author is again regarded as the most important factor on the stage, when he is permitted to speak freely and without hinderance to his public in his own individual way and in his own natural language.

To create this new, fresh and gay genius, all the necessary equipment is available in America. You have splendid actors, skilled managers, a wonderfully equipped stage, an appreciative public. The only thing missing in your free and great country is the courage to break away from conventionalities and to recognize talent whenever it may arise.

IN A RESTAURANT

To Geraldine Farrar

WHAT is that thing? Oh, yes, it's Butterfly."
Affirming it, they hummed a strain or two.
But, wistful-wise, I whispered me they lied.
There is no Butterfly that is not you.
That noise was music riven of its soul.
(The soul of Butterfly is in your eyes).
Nor is there Butterfly without your hands,
Butterfly's wings which flutter till she dies.
That strain in there, was echo of your smile,
Soft cherry-blossom severed into lips.
Oh, Farrar! all these notes are emptiness
Without your eyes, your smile, your fingertips.

FLORENCE NASH.

KYRA

In times less fastidious, this vaudeville artist would have won laurels as a contortionist. Today she is a specialist in Oriental dancing, with snaky arm movements as distinctive features of her work

Study by Goldberg

TED SHAWN

Fashion and beauty crowded the Apollo Theatre the other afternoon to see this handsome American terpsichorean artist in his new Toltec dance drama "Xochitl," the costumes for which he designed himself

PICTURESQUE COSTUMES IN THE DANCE

The Art of Paint and Powder

"Why Accept Nature's Mistakes" Asks the Lady With the Make-Up Box

By ZETA ROTHCHILD

Drawing by Malcolm LaPrade

"BEAUTY is what beauty does," went into the garbage can half a century ago.

A little later in departing has been that collection of flattering comparisons without which no beauty was certified. Unless a damsel had "lips like a cherry," "cheeks like a rose," "brows like an alabaster lily," "ears like shells" and "a neck like a swan's," she never received the perfect tribute—"as pretty as a picture."

Beauty today is what you make it. It's no longer, "Ain't Nature Wonderful?" but, "Ain't Art Grand?"

THE apple goes to the actress whose beauty is reenforced by her toilet table and her own artistic skill in applying its remedies. Not only does she get the prize, but she is also more likely to hold it many years longer than the woman who relies on nature—poor thing. Let Dame Nature putter away on the visages of those resigned creatures who do not resent her mistakes, says the artistic one with the make-up box.

Again we have the old, old struggle between art and nature, and from the test of efficiency, nature seems to take second place.

The only valid objection to the gentle art of make-up is that only one one-hundredth of its disciples are skilled workmen. So few women demand the individuality of their paint and powder that they do of their perfumes—and, therefore, we have the monotonous effect which is so irritating to a sensitive eye. To be skilled in the use of cosmetics is one of the fine arts and only the eye not made callous by the violent glare of painted cheek and glazed lips realizes how few women take enough time to master the art.

A JUSTIFIABLE amendment to the constitution would compel all women to abstain from the use of make-up until they had made an intensive study of themselves and given a practical demonstration of their right to make use of a cosmetic palette. And there would surely be less remonstrance thereafter on the part of parents and the general public!

To paraphrase Oscar Wilde—it's not wrong to make up; it's not knowing how to make up that makes it sinful. If we were out of a job one of the first things we would do would be to open a school for the proper study of make-up. The course would include so many hours a week on the study of the contour of the head and the relation of each feature to it. There would also be intensive work on the use of cosmetics, both liquid and powder, and individual consultation with the headmistress as to the most desirable effect to be aimed at. Should Madame dress up to her hair or down to her nose? Should she try to "kill" her nose which wanders aimlessly over her face, or shall she work up to her glorious red hair and let her nose take care of itself? There is a right way and a wrong way, but never a middle path!

Madame wonders whether she should dress up to her hair or down to her nose

Perhaps Madame wants to change the color of her hair? The glow of a red halo may accentuate a rather indefinite complexion of no quality whatsoever. A deeper tone, more bronze than gold, and the washed-out complexion becomes a mellow white.

ONE principle would be impressed on the pupil's mind—that the object of all her study must always be to create the impression of beauty. It isn't enough to *be* beautiful, a woman must appear beautiful, and the more people she can impress, the more certain her reputation. A producer of musical comedies once explained the value of the girl who casts a far-reaching glow of beauty to the depths of the orchestra in preference to her whose charms are obvious only at close range.

"What care I," said he, "how beautiful a girl is, if she be not beautiful over the footlights? It's the girl who knows how to put on a long distance make-up who gets the end place in the first line."

Let the woman whose feminine acquaintances have always topped their friendly remarks with—"but she's so sweet and it isn't her fault that she's so homely," take heart and a scientific course in the art of individual make-up. In fact, the less she depends on nature, the more likely is her beauty to last. She will also save time if she depends on her toilet table for first aid than if she sluggishly shifts all responsibility to a dame who has made countless millions mourn. The Circe finds in real life her natural beauty deserting in a few years. To prolong the brief span, she is forced to lead a clean, uneventful life, to bar all emotion and friction from her encounters with mankind lest frowns and tears—and laughter as well—take their toll in wrinkles.

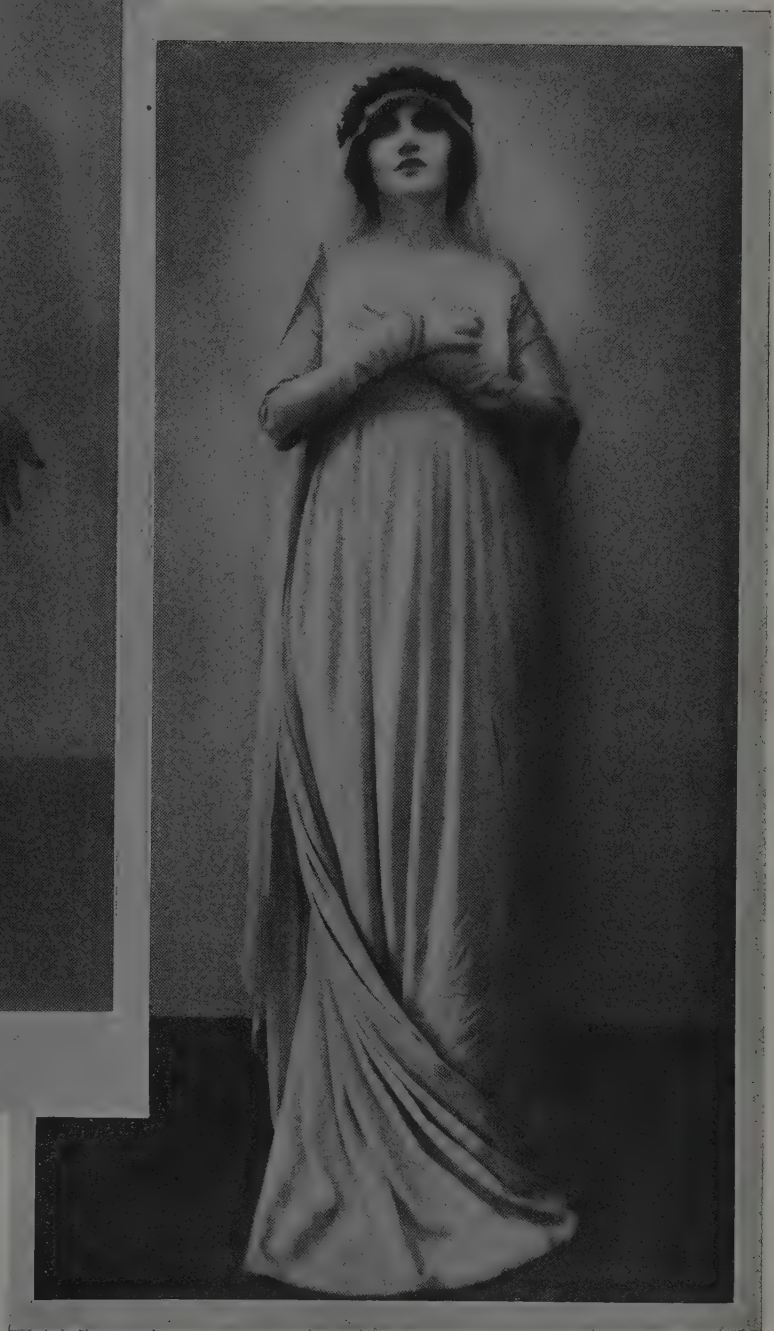
Perhaps there are many who will exclaim that art needs no defense, that nature does. Certainly, Dame Nature, who can claim no indulgence as an amateur, has many sins of omission. Make-up, practiced as a fine art, has every opportunity to improve on the obvious mistakes of nature.

(Left)

JOSEPHINE ROYLE

Who would recognize "the lily maid" of Edwin M. Royle's poetic drama as Nat-U-Rich of "The Squaw Man"? That Miss Royle has succeeded in both these rôles is a sign that this nineteen-year-old daughter of an actress mother and an actor-playwright father has not mistaken her vocation

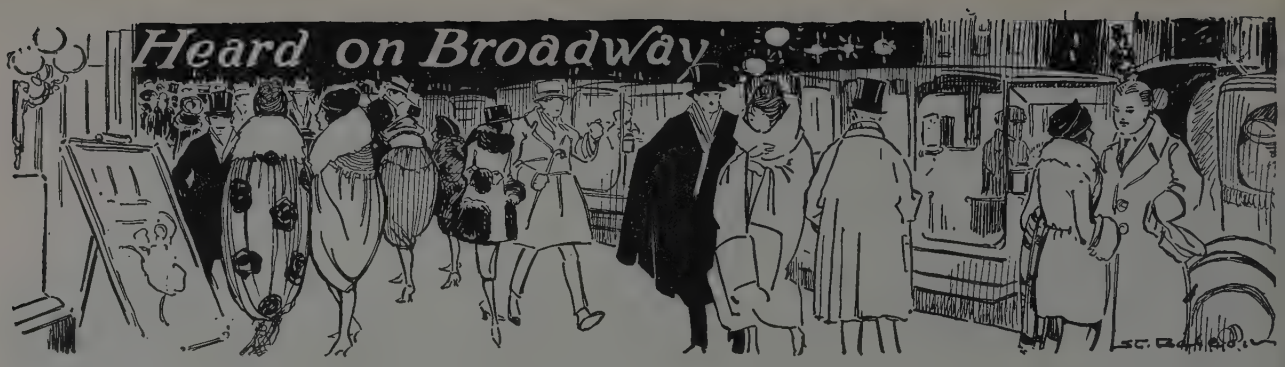
Photo Goldberg



ADELE KLAER

Now appearing in "The Wandering Jew" finds much in common between her two hobbies—acting and painting. Miss Klaer should know whereof she speaks, for she began acting as a child with Richard Mansfield, and has since played Shakespearean leads. As a painter, she has studied abroad and held a number of exhibitions of her work

THE PICTURESQUE AND THE SPIRITUAL IN RECENT PLAYS



THIS is the worst theatrical season for thirty-six years," declared the Broadway manager dolefully. "It is not only the 'legitimate' that feels it; things are as bad or worse in vaudeville. Some of the people who 'work,' as they call it, in the 'three-a-day,' are going through experiences which would have been incredible a few years ago. I was motoring alone in Northern New York a few weeks ago, on my way to Geneva. About eight or nine miles this side of that city, I stopped at a cross-road for a minute to get my bearings, when a bright-looking, well-dressed chap hailed me and asked if he could ride with me. He didn't look like a hold-up, so I made room for him by my side. When I asked where he was going, he told me cheerfully 'to Buffalo,' and when I wanted to know where he had come from, he said that he was from New York City, that he had walked or caught rides on automobiles the whole way, and, incidentally, that he had eaten nothing since noon the previous day. Further, I learned that he had been in France, that he was 25, and that he did a singing turn when he could get an engagement. He had been starved out of New York, he said, but had heard that he might get something in Buffalo, and was on his way there. He proved that he could sing by trolling several popular numbers in my ear as we drove along—with good, full tone, in spite of his presumably empty stomach—and he had a joyous familiarity with the jargon of his calling. When I dropped him off at Geneva he bade me a blithe Good-day! and went merrily on his way to Buffalo."

ACTING on the assumption that a competent actor makes a successful salesman, it has become a common thing, in these tight times, to see men who have been fairly prominent in the theatrical world dodging into stores in out-of-the-way districts, carrying a brief-case or a small, square satchel, in which they have samples of small goods which are in general demand. The goods most generally dealt in are toilet articles, especially cosmetics and other "beautifiers." Since the actor can always talk knowingly of the merits of his wares, as an expert in their use, and because he never allows it to be overlooked that he is doing this sort of thing only as a lark until he begins rehearsals the day after to-morrow in the new play in which he is to be featured on Broadway, he seldom misses a sale when there is any possibility of making one. To a surprisingly large number of persons, including shopkeepers, in the hinterland, the self-confident, Palm Beach type of actor—which the salesman is likely to be—is a mysterious, rather gorgeous being, from another and brighter world, whose persuasiveness is simply irresistible. And, after all, it *is* a "lark." If you doubt it, ask any of the jolly young actors who have gone in for this "selling game," one or two of whom may be found on any corner in Times Square on any fine afternoon.

RECENT indecent stage exhibitions have called forth loud protests from various religious bodies. Probably it is the first time in the history of the Drama that conditions have been so bad as to prompt such severe condemnation as this from the Roman Catholic organ *America*: "Cannot the Actors' Equity Association now take action to protect its members against these plays? Equity is said to be very powerful. According to report, it has been successful in obtaining for the actor a real, as distinguished from a bogus, contract; in securing him a better and surer salary, and in improving the conditions under which he is obliged to work. Having protected the actor against thieves, can it not now protect him, and especially her, against the immoral harpies among the producers? Thousands of actors and actresses bitterly resent the position into which they have been forced. They abhor the productions which they help to stage. But they are helpless to protect their wives, their sisters, their daughters, and other good women from the insult of being obliged to reproduce verbal improprieties and worse before the public. They must take the rôle assigned them or nothing."

YET all is not hopeless in our theatre. Occasionally a play comes along, the merit and moral force of which moves the clergy to praise it in the highest terms. Such a one is John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." At the evening service on Oct. 30 last, in the First Baptist Church in Syracuse, N. Y., this prayer was offered up: "Our Father, we thank Thee for Frank McGlynn. We thank Thee for the courage of soul with which he left the quiet safety of a comfortable position, and sallied forth to play Abraham Lincoln for the sake of the mission of the part. We thank Thee for the gifts of beauty which he brought to Syracuse last week. Wilt Thou grant that some day these praying lips may be counted as worthy to preach as surely, as movingly, as tenderly, as he preached last week through the lines of his play? Wilt Thou grant that some day this congregation may go from this place as tearful, as glad, as high-hearted, as soul-inspired as his audience went from his gaudy playhouse during those wonderful days? Meanwhile, forgive the man or the institution which blackens the stage with scornful words, and has no eyes for the sheer and mighty beauty of true drama. We pray Thee for Thy blessing upon Frank McGlynn tonight wherever he is. And for all men and women who, like him, strive in the face of sneers and rebuke and neglect to keep the wonder of the play-world clean and true. Help us to say 'Yes' to the fine things as enthusiastically as we say 'No' to the unworthy things. In the name of Jesus, Amen."

SCARCELY a season passes but what the press agents employed by theatrical producers are afforded opportunities for grandiose announcements because of some "society woman" becoming "a professional actress." Thus this year, while England has been regaled with details of the screen début of Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, New York has been edified with propaganda concerning the stage début of Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, who had previously acted in the movies, thereby following the example of Mrs. Morgan Belmont. (By the bye, it was an odd coincidence that Mrs. Morgan Belmont should have reversed the process, by turning from society to the stage, of her step-mother-in-law, Mrs. August Belmont, who turned from the stage to society, she having been a footlight favorite as Eleanor Robson, daughter of Madge Carr Cook, star of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch"). Some years ago, England was similarly interested when Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, grandson of the Duke of Richmond, became an actor and playwright, later marrying Marie Tempest, and only recently dying. New York manifested like curiosity concerning the stage début of Clara Bloodgood, who had previously been Mrs. Havemeyer, and subsequently became Mrs. Laimbeer. Before that, Elsie de Wolfe had been an actress equally popular on the stage and in society, eventually becoming a successful interior decorator. A great sensation was caused when Mrs. James Brown Potter, daughter-in-law of the late Bishop Potter of New York, became an actress,

The Little Minister meets Babbie, the supposed gypsy

(Right)

Betty Compson as Babbie; George Hackathorne as Gavin Dishart, the Little Minister. Babbie persuades the Little Minister, by trickery and witchery, to blow the horn warning the Thrums villagers of the approach of the king's soldiers

The tea at Nanny Webster's cottage, where the Little Minister loses his heart to Babbie

Babbie, in her gypsy clothes, is captured by her father's (Lord Rintoul's) soldiers

"THE LITTLE MINISTER" FINELY SCREENED

co-starring for many years with the late Kyrle Bellew, and making her permanent home in England. Originally, Cora Urquhart, of New Orleans, her daughter is Mrs. James A. Stillman of New York.

NOWADAYS the movies have obtained a tremendous hold on the people, towns which have never supported a single theatre for the spoken drama, maintaining one or two, even three or four, picture houses. In a former generation children were only taken to matinée performances of certain productions, but unhappy are the modern youngsters deprived of their screen diversions! And yet, with all this progress, human nature remains the same, and latter-day favorites in the movies are merely modern embodiments of old-time stage players. Mrs. Langtry was admired in "society parts," such as Elsie Ferguson now enacts for the camera, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Olga Nethersole and the late Blanche Walsh, played "vampires," just like the up-to-date Theda Bara, Louise Glaum and Pola Negri. Famous comics of the stage were James T. Powers, Frank Daniels and the late Thomas Q. Seabrooke, their broad methods paving the way for the coming of—Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. Similarly, the still surviving Minnie Palmer, Nellie McHenry and Lotta Crabtree were the forerunners of—Mary Pickford!

THE present season in New York has seen a series of plays with Spanish settings, the list including "Blood and Sand," with Otis Skinner; "Don Juan," with Lou Tellegen; "The Great Way," with Helen Freeman; "The White Peacock," with Olga Petrova, and "The Wild Cat," an operetta. But Sunny Spain has proved a picturesque background for stage productions from even before the days or nights of "Carmen," or "The Barber of Seville." Indeed, "Spain" and "Spanish" have been repeatedly utilized in the titles of plays, grave and gay, such as "The Spanish Curate," by Beaumont and Fletcher; "The Spanish Fryar," by John Dryden; "The Spanish Barber," by George Coleman; "The Spanish Dancers," by Charles Selby; "Castles in Spain," by Cosmo Hamilton; "The Dancing Girls of Spain," by George R. Sims; "The Noble Spaniard," by W. Somerset Maugham, and "Spanish Love," by Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rhinehart, to say nothing of "The Rose of Aragon," by J. Sheridan Knowles and "Biarritz," by Jerome K. Jerome.

THE company assembled for the first rehearsal, and a young actor was handed his part, causing him to exclaim with pride, "Oh, I am to play a nobleman!" But an old actor, standing by, remarked casually, "Your first aristocrat, I suppose? Well, I have played twelve, all the way from baronets to kings!" As a matter of fact, our leading actors have frequently been called upon to do likewise. John Drew, for instance, who this season plays Lord Porteous in "The Circle," played Lord Clivebrook in "The Bauble Shop," in 1894, following with Sir Jasper Thorndyke in "Rosemary"; Comte de Condale in "A Marriage of Convenience"; Sir Christopher Dering in "The Liars"; Lord Lumley in "The Mummy and the Hummingbird," and the title rôle in "The Duke of Killiecrankie." Wilton Lackaye has also played many noblemen, including the Marquis de Vaux in "Paul Kauvar," in 1888; Prince Saviani in "Jocelyn"; Sir Edward Vanberg in "My Jack"; the title rôle in "Nero," and the Earl of Derwent in "The Price of Peace."

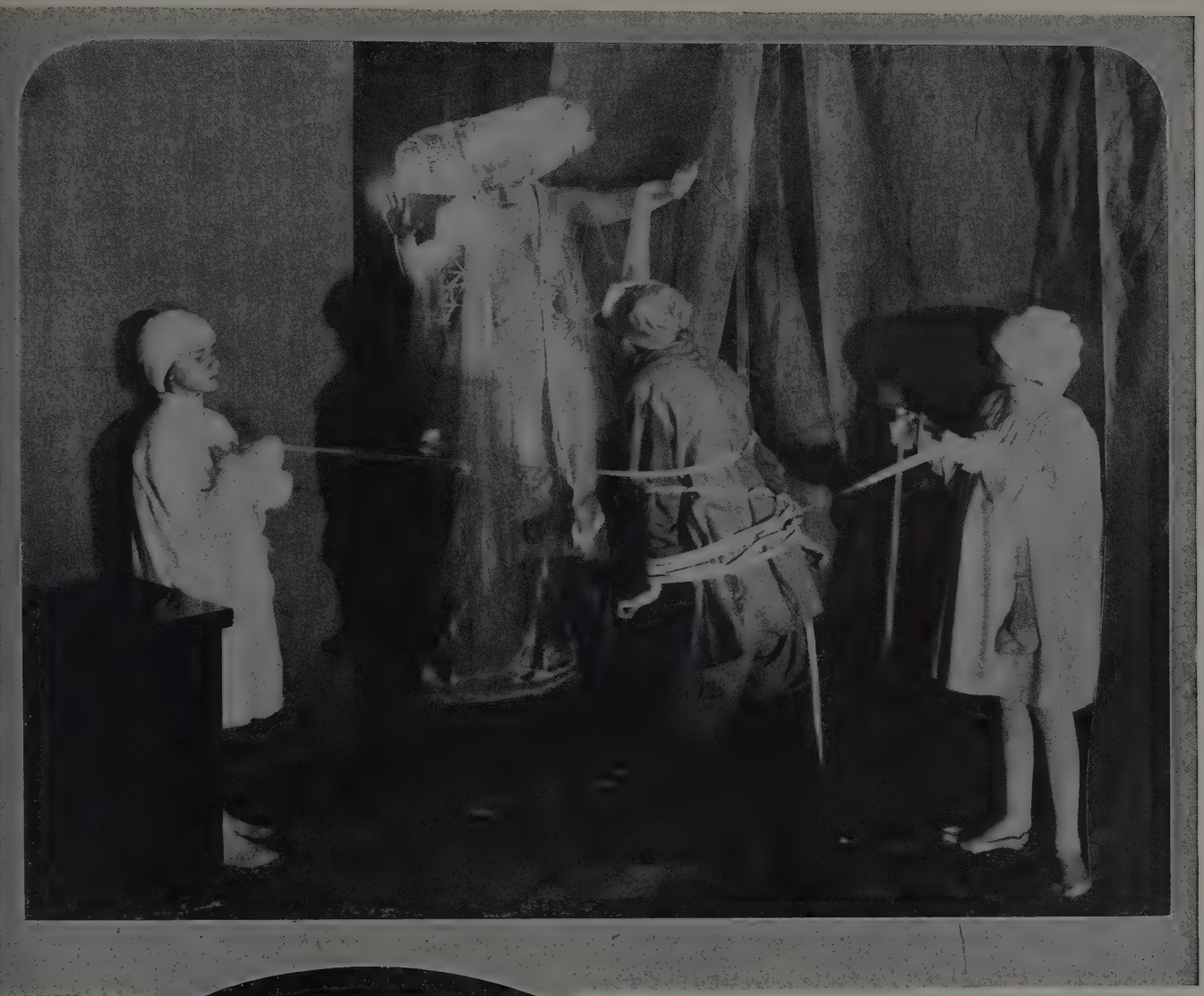
I HAPPENED to attend a theatrical performance in company with an actress friend, and was genuinely affected by the splendid characterization of the leading lady, the star of the production. Although I contented myself with swallowing the lump that arose in my throat, the lady with me wept copiously, the tears streaming down her cheeks and quite reddening her eyelids. After the play, she remarked, "Nobody can say that I do not appreciate *art!* The star is certainly an accomplished player, for she was able to make me sympathize with the individual she represented, causing me to forget her own mean disposition. I have acted with her, and never in all my years on the stage have I met such a cold and callous creature, with a nature so scheming and selfish, her one aim being to push herself forward and all others backward! But, after all, one's private character has very little to do with one's public appearance! A woman is one thing, and an actress is another! My tears prove this, for they were absolutely sincere!" This chance remark impressed me as opening up a problem for the psychologists to analyse.

ON the Seventh Avenue surface car line there is a motorman who was formerly one of George Primrose's minstrel troupe. His route takes him through the heart of the theatrical district, and rarely does he drive his car from Fiftieth to Forty-second street, through the busy grease-paint-scented square, without sending forth a gush of melody through the front window and enjoying the pleasant recognition of scores of old friends still in "the business." The "Singing Motorman," as he is getting to be known, gets many a passenger who has let other cars go past for the sake of riding with him. Is there not a hint here for the management of the Interborough, which might have deferred—perhaps have made unnecessary altogether—the asking for a receivership? A full minstrel show might not be convenient on a street-car in the city, but obviously a little music gives some impetus to the stream of nickels into the coin-box.

AT a Broadway theatre, where there was a strike of musicians recently, the management was resolved that their patrons should not be annoyed by the dispute. The first three orchestra rows were roped off and left vacant at each performance, so that if there should be any sort of eruption in the musicians' pit, the audience would all be well out of the danger zone. Which reminds me of the way Edwin Booth once would have been drawn violently into a labor dispute, but for the prompt interference of his co-star, Lawrence Barrett. There had been a spirited rendition of "Macbeth," with Booth in the title rôle, Lawrence Barrett as Macduff, and a large number of supers to represent the Scottish warriors. After the performance the two stars were walking down the long lobby, with stately step and in grave conversation, when suddenly a wild mob of roughly-dressed men surged in from the street and charging upon the astonished Booth, raucously demanded from him "Our money! That's what we want—our money!" Edwin Booth was always pale, and he did not change color. But the fiery Barrett turned a fighting red at once, and the way in which he seized three or four of the ringleaders, one after the other, and flung them aside, as he took his stand in front of the great actor whom he idolized, and thundered, "Who are you men? What do you mean?" was as powerfully dramatic as anything that had been seen on the stage that evening. It was effective, too, for the crowd split in two and permitted the two tragedians to walk unmolested down to the carriage awaiting them. It turned out that the menacing mob were the supers. Edwin Booth had not the remotest idea who they were until he was told, for he was not the man to take notice of supers collectively, except as a necessary nuisance. Later he learned that the "captain of the supers" was the cause of the trouble. He had disappeared forgetting to hand the men their stipend.

WITH the advent this season of Guthrie McClintic in the managerial field, after several years as assistant to Winthrop Ames, a new name presents opportunities for misspelling, all the way from McLintic to McClintock, while another manager, Carle Carlton, is still generally referred to as Carl Carleton. Clare Kummer, the dramatist, is invariably addressed as Claire, while Margalo Gillmore becomes Marjello Gilmore, and Lynn Fontanne becomes Lynne Fontaine. Iden Payne turns to Eyeden Paine, and Ernest Truex becomes Earnest Treux. John Halliday is often Holiday, and Donald Brian becomes O'Brein, while Lenore Ulric is spelled Leonore and Ed Wynn becomes Wynne. Marilyn Miller is frequently Marylin, and de Wolf Hopper has long been de Wolfe, while when Miss de Wolfe assumed the stage name of Margaret Wycherly, she found herself Wycherley, Whicherly and Witcherly, her husband's name, spelled Veiller but pronounced Vay-ay, offering anticlimaxes to the series.

I FIND a young movie actress being advertised as "the Swedish Mary Pickford," and I marvel once more at the absurdity of such comparisons, whether it be "the Brazilian Bernhardt" or "the Dalmatian Duse." Why not stand on one's own feet and be done with it? No more substantial basis has yet been discovered. Years ago, one Siseretta Jones toured the country billed as "The *Black Patti*," while one Stuart, a female impersonator, was long a vaudeville headliner as "the *Male* Patti!"



Photos by Jenie Tarbox

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

(Upper)
The Snow Queen being carried away by the Snowflakes, in Elizabeth B. Grimball's dramatization of Andersen's tale of childhood's memories, recently presented by the Inter-Theatre Arts, Inc. Miss Helen Gahagan of Barnard College was the lovely Snow Queen wearing a shimmering silver costume.

(Left)
Scene from Fiat Lux, a Christmas miracle play by Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas, presented by the Inter-Theatre Arts, Inc., with James Wallace in the role of Azariah, the grieving father, and Hobart Upjohn as Father Ambrose. A play with a message that will find a response in hearts the world over, that have been bereaved by the Great War.

"MISSOURI—ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO"

Benton's speech on the Statehood Resolutions—a stirring scene from "Missouri—One Hundred Years Ago," a drama by Thomas Wood Stevens, held in the coliseum, St. Louis, in connection with the celebration of the Missouri statehood centenary. One thousand St. Louisans took part in the drama, a two-act play relating to the period before the attainment of statehood in 1821.

Modernizing Shakespeare

By E. H. SOTHERN

IT is not only in the physical manner of staging the plays of William Shakespeare that radical changes have come about since my first appearance on the stage. The classic drama is, perhaps, the slowest to be affected by the passage of time. Tradition, valuable and essential as it is, sometimes clogs the wheels and makes the classical theatre advance slowly and oftentimes all too conservatively. Abroad, the first experiments in modern method of production were made with the classical plays. In America musical comedies were the earliest to feel the influence of the work of Gordon Craig, his followers and his imitators.

It is astonishing what can be achieved through the simplest of means. All of us, as children, have acted plays with our stage set with make-believe furniture and scenery and our costumes garnered from our elders' wardrobe. Our materials were modest, but in our eyes our effects loomed largely. This charming gift of imagination never deserts us and it is half the fun of life to have it played upon.

I HAVE already spoken of the contrast between our "Hamlet" of 1900 and our presentation of this tragedy in 1921. "Twelfth Night" has attracted many producers and most of the leading players since Shakespeare's day. I recall that Beerbohm Tree built terrace upon terrace, surmounted by a huge, Italian villa, to represent Olivia's garden, while Granville Barker with stiff, conventional and formal lines had a glaringly white house frame his stage, two green bay trees representing the garden. We, too, in the old days, set the stage elaborately for this delightful comedy. We had a shipwreck scene and a garden that boasted real trees.

In our present "Twelfth Night" production we retain the features of the permanent set I described in my previous article. For the shipwreck scene, we close all the draperies, except that at the lower left entrance, which is opened to show a bit of the cyclorama. By lighting we get the effect of the last rages of the tempest. In the distance there is the hint of a sea calm after the storm. Two of the chief scenes for "Twelfth Night" are Orsino's palace and Olivia's garden. For the former, we close the curtains in the entrances lower left and right, and draw them away center stage. Here we place an arched drop, through which is seen a ballustrade and beyond the blue cyclorama. For furnishings, there is the couch on which Orsino dreams of his beloved, a table and a few stools.

How easy then it is to transform this into the garden where Viola plays suitor for Orsino and Olivia falls an innocent victim to Viola's beauty. The draperies are all pulled out of sight. Green hedges take their place in all the openings. A hedge surrounding a bench is placed on each side of the stage, and the cyclorama again gives space and color to the scene.

For the kitchen scene where Sir Toby Belch and his companions bring down the wrath of Malvolio upon their heads, flat pieces of scenery fill the openings, a fireplace on the left furnishing the excuse for light. This same arrangement, without the fireplace, and with a gateway and a window at the back serves for Malvolio's prison.

IN staging "The Taming of the Shrew," a farce ever popular, the old way of period and replica of Tuscany is replaced by mood and atmosphere. Our opening scene in the market place has a fruit stall on either side of the stage against the plain backdrop. Lower left there is an entrance

(*Continued on page* 198)

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Incorporated

WHAT significance for a community has a big pageant, a play or a one-night's entertainment of any other description, if it flits away like a will-o'-the-wisp, turns into stuff of dreams, and tomorrow is forgotten?

Only the permanent community values arising out of these activities count, according to the Community Service idea.

The historical association, the chorus, band, orchestra, the arts and crafts club formed in the wake of a great historical pageant, are among the real values insofar as the community life is concerned. The permanent dramatic committee under local churches, schools and colleges, the relatedness of arts, manual training and electrical departments of these schools and colleges to the theatre, to stagecraft and thence to community drama—these are factors held worthwhile. Finally, the formation of the permanent dramatic committe under local leaders, and the laying out of a definite year's program in each community following the production of a play or pageant, or the holding of the Drama Institute—given all this and you have bedrock for community drama.

This year more than ever before, the policy and the effort of Community Service is to get down to this bedrock. How? By organization and method. Clearcut objectives are now being placed before every national dramatic organizer.

CONFERENCES where all workers may exchange ideas, experiences and knowledge regarding dramatic work and conditions looking toward the development of community drama in every section of the United States, are being arranged.

The growth of the present Community Service Bureau of Educational Dramatics has been gradual. Much of the early planting served to help formulate national programs of dramatic activities such as the Pilgrim Tercentenary celebrations, Christmas, Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's, May Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, etc., celebrations. Propaganda and material for community dramatics were thus sent from end to end of the country.

The dramatic worker for Community Service is engaged on the basis of his training, experience and skill in dramatic work. He must ascertain what a community wants most, in a dramatic way, needs most, and can actually have and hold. When a town or city definitely committed to community service activities calls for a dramatic specialist, it frequently pays the salary and traveling expenses of that specialist.

It does not expect sunset to follow that worker's production of play, pageant or festival, but sunrise instead. It is not too much for a town to expect to evolve an adequate program for a year's dramatic activities under the leadership of its own people.

THE measure of the success of our dramatic organizer," says George Dickie, Manager of Community Service, Inc., "lies in what new dramatic organization and activity takes place in a community as a result of his visit and in the permanency of the program. We work in specific cities, one at a time, to bring about measureable results. And we only go into those cities by special invitation. Communities seriously desiring to organize dramatics and other leisure time activities on a thoroughly sound and fundamental, and city-wide basis, often send for our people in the beginning, to work with them. Later they put their own workers in as the permanent leaders, on salaries raised, of course, locally."

When George E. Dickie was Superintendent of Recreation at Oakland, California, and Director of Physical Education of that city's public schools, some years ago, he put over a piece of work that has had, indeed, far-reaching and permanent values. His name is among those identified in the minds of Californians with the planting and growth of the recreational movement of Oakland, so well known today to the playground experts as one of the high water marks of recreational activities.

Mr. Dickie was a California boy, born in San Francisco. At the University of California, where he graduated in 1906, he took an active part in the production of amateur dramatics. He served as instructor in Military Science of this University; gave courses in the organization and management of Playgrounds and Recreation, and also conducted the playground and recreation course in the summer school of the University, early in 1917. Added to this educational and social experience, a several years' venture in the business world gave Mr. Dickie a rather special equipment for the organization work he undertook in 1917, for War Camp Community Service in San Diego, Oakland, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, and Tacoma, Washington. After serving as district representative for War Camp Community Service for the Pacific Coast, the Southwestern states were eventually included in his territory. In June of 1918, Mr. Dickie came to National Headquarters in New York City as Director of the Field Department, later becoming Manager of Community Service (Inc.).

The Bureau of Educational Dramatics is one of the Departments under his general direction.

APART from its vast constructive work throughout many sections of the United States, further work of the Bureau of Educational Dramatics at headquarters, One Madison Avenue, New York City, is to answer inquiries and give information through correspondence, regarding dramatic activities to cities planning a well-rounded leisure-time program.

All workers for community drama will, no doubt, be interested in the type of year's program recently worked out by the little Pennsylvania city of Butler, where Elizabeth H. Hanley, dramatic specialist for Community Service (Incorporated), was assigned during November and December of last year. This program comprised the following features: story-telling, festivals, pageants, play production, training, play making and wider reading.

Inasmuch as story-telling is the first step in community drama, classes for leaders in story-telling were held during the winter months. Groups are now being organized under these leaders for story hours out-of-doors in playgrounds, private grounds and city squares during the spring and summer. Whenever the weather permits, games and singing are included in these afternoon gatherings, together with spontaneous dramatization, special regard is being paid to Church and Sunday School programs; Bible stories are adapted for dramatization and programs of suitable stories are also outlined for clubs, libraries, and community centres. At the close of the summer season a Story Play Festival will be held.

BUTLER plans to have its festivals and pageants free to the community and open to all participants. It is featuring a series of historical pageants for special occasions, Fourth of July and Armistice Day especially, while it is planning to commemorate the history of town, county and state on or near the anniversary dates of pioneer settlement.

In Play Production, the little Theatre group of Butler is already giving monthly club performances, an annual play "for revenue," and an annual play free to the public, and under the auspices of the Community Drama Committee. Popular plays of the better type have been selected. On the training end of this interesting and ambitious program, the club leaders in dramatics and Community celebrations, and the staff producers stand ready to assist all groups or organizations in putting on plays and other entertainments. A circuit for the exchange of plays has been built up with all local clubs, schools, churches and nearby organizations. In the Play Making Groups, those people interested in the writing of plays, in adaptations and dramatizations, work together. They prepare the data covering the local historical episodes to be featured in the pageants and put it in form for pageant use.

In this way, the foundation for permanent Community drama is being laid on a city-wide scale. It is the only way.

The "Triangle" show, an extra-curriculum activity of the Princeton undergraduates is eagerly anticipated each year, not only by their friends, but by the general public as well, who have learned that the Triangle Club may be depended upon for real talent, tuneful lyrics and a production, professional in its artistry and smoothness.

Upper: Scene from the third act of "Espanola." Center: A group of "Triangle" beauties! Lower: Part of the chorus.

Photos Orren Jack Turner

The Princeton Triangle Club Presents "Espanola"

FASHION

As Created and Sponsored by the Actress and the Stage

MARIE DORO, the star of "Lilies of the Field," has the most delightfully informed taste in clothes, combining to an artful degree in her costumes the picturesque and the practical. Since she is the busiest of persons, to whom every minute counts, she insists that certain of her frocks shall be able to serve equally well one or more occasions in a day without change. So Poiret, under instructions, created for Miss Doro this frock with the flowing sleeves, of his new heavy and somewhat wiry black satin that does not wrinkle, bordered it with pale grey broadcloth and added an underblouse vestee of soft, Poiret-green crepe. The hat is from Poiret, also, a black velvet Victorian shape, with a ribbon, "only that and nothing more," around the crown and a bow and long, hanging ends at the side

YOU CAN HAVE NOTHING NEWER THAN THESE MODELS FROM THE PARIS MID-SEASON OPENINGS, SAYS BLANCHE YURKA

Models from Franklin Simon

A Rodier fabric—and what a popular creature it is — of bisque, plaided with a red line, makes a cape-and-frock costume. The frock, like every well-regulated one-piece frock at present, has its belt of red leather, and Miss Yurka completes her smart ensemble with an imported bag of taffeta hand-painted in oils.

Ira L. Hill Studio

Beautifully characteristic of the different points of the mode is this imported model. First in the lines of waist and panelled hem: Second in fabric, of chiffon woven with raised white velvet pattern: Third in color, the most unusual and luscious shade of raspberry pink. Miss Yurka shows you one of those Japanese parasols, in dark blue with a yellow design, that still remain in the realm of the exclusive.

If you are tall and made on a Greek pattern no evening frock could be more stunning than Lelong's latest model, of white velvet with its surface shimmering with pearls and tiny iridescent beads in mother-of-pearl tone. But quite as important as the front of the frock is the back, which swings a drapery from the shoulders, ending in a long train that is marvellously subtle in its grace.

LYNN FONTANNE, THE ENCHANTING "DULCY," CHOOSES THREE SPORT MODELS FROM THE LONSDALE SHOP

Ira L. Hill Studio

Everything this season, you doubtless already have observed, has its accompanying cape, even the sport suit, which can be worn either with or without. Really an excellent idea, as it keeps one adapted to the rapid changes of our tempermental climate! This charming model is of Lonsdale Tweed in a warm French blue, a contrasting accessory being a silk knitted scarf in brown with Roman stripes.

When you have a Rodier fabric of novel creation, white serge with Czecho-Slovakian stripes of reds and greens, all you need besides for a striking effect are the simplest of lines and a belt of carved ivory and onyx. Just the right touch of completion has been given by a chic little tricorne of Leghorn bound with black grosgrain, a most becoming and adaptable type of sport hat.

For motoring and outdoor events there are the new knitted coats in lively tones with their own scarfs attached. Miss Fontanne has chosen one in a fabric called "Heigho-ho," of a gay and springlike yellow banded with a brown and a white stripe. Her snug chapeau is of brown taffeta ribbon and she is carrying one of the adjustable leather seats for witnessing sports, also from The Lonsdale Shop, who furnish not only the actual models themselves, but all the accessories of sport as well.

The Theatre and the Motor

The Evening Car as the Women Sees It

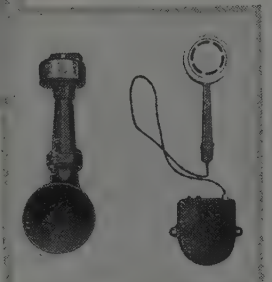
IT is gratifying to see those who have a sense of the fitness of things to see the renaissance of formal evening dress. Recently this has been very noticeable in the theatres particularly, and notwithstanding the many failures in this field, the audiences have been much more representative than for many years past.

The war undoubtedly had much to do with the informality of dress, in fact, during the period of the war and directly after, formal entertainments were so largely abandoned that many women of fashion either had no evening clothes in their wardrobe or had them packed away for the very rare occasions that sometimes arose.

Allowing for the indisputable fact that women's fashions always go from one extreme to another, and that a vogue of formal dress was bound to follow one of informality, there is one thing that is very largely responsible for this change, namely, the advent of the closed motor.

The well tailored, attractive interior, the comfort and convenience of the seating arrangement and many other factors make the Essex Coach an ideal car for formal or informal use

All the prestige that was attached to the brougham in the days of the horse is preserved in the beautiful and thoroughly modern lines of the Cadillac Town Brougham



This newest type of Dictograph is found as standard equipment in many cars of both moderate and high price

Our advent into motordom first developed the open or touring car, and every woman knows that this means of conveyance was certainly not meant for formal use, as it was open to the weather and for comfort, a certain type of rugged apparel had to be worn. This meant that women in formal attire had either to reach their destination much the worse for wear, or go in some public conveyance, which is equally objectionable. The general acceptance of the closed motor has changed all this, and a woman may wear her most luxurious creation: she may be groomed to the most perfect degree, coiffed to the last hair, and reach her destination as perfect in detail as when she started.

So one can see that much of the informality of dress was due to the fact that only those people who could afford a limousine or town car, and all the added expense such a motor entails, could go about in evening clothes with any degree of comfort or convenience, and after all, these two qualities contribute largely to the success of any occasion.

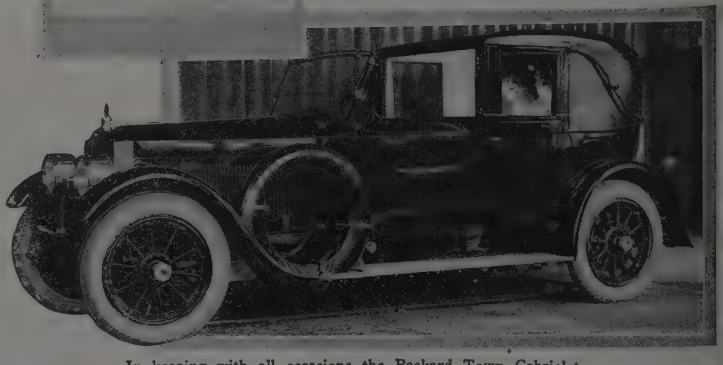
THE EVENING MOTOR

In the days of the horse, only the few well-to-do city dwellers owned them, and still fewer of these few had carriages or coaches suitable for evening use. Today, the closed car, many of the best being so moderate in price, is in reach of almost everyone.

The rise in the real estate market has been due to the development of suburban communities and this development has been made possible by the motor. One of the things that prevented so many people from going to the country to live, although they liked the country life, was the inaccessibility of the city with its theatres, restaurants, concerts and its thousand and one amusements. But the merging of town and country is now an accomplished fact, with the country dwellers having all the advantages of city life and none of the disadvantages.

To suburbanites, a trip to town for dinner and theatre meant a carefully planned expedition in the train, conspicuously clad in evening attire—one's coiffure being ruined by a hat, one's feet in winter either freezing in sheer hose and delicate slippers or incongruously muffled in goloshes or spats—altogether such a trip attempted in the proper formal clothes many times ended in a thoroughly uncomfortable evening.

But now the emancipated suburbanites, as well as the city dwellers, can according to their income, have the proper means of conveyance. The town car, brougham, cabriolet, limousine, sedan and coupé, are all variations of the closed car theme, but of all these, the one that is of undoubted excellence for all incomes and purposes, is the sedan. Where formerly the donning of evening clothes was quite a concession and served to make the rider uncomfortable, and also practically an impossibility when one attempted to drive, today the motor can be filled with formally dressed guests and driven by the host to theatre or restaurant with all comfort and a mind free from worry as to appearance.



In keeping with all occasions the Packard Town Cabriolet is a convertible car, with all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of both closed and open cars

The photographs of closed cars accompanyng this article show the following types:—the Cadillac, Packard and Hudson chauffuer or owner-driven town cars, and the Cole and Essex in the chauffeur or owner-driven sedans. Of all the moderate priced closed cars, the Essex Coach is probably the one that combines the greatest amount of comfort, convenience and good looks. In all its appointments, it is comparable to the much more expensive cars. Its upholstery and equipment pleases the most fastidious taste, and its seating capacity is ample for five people.

Equally convenient and smart looking, whether owner driven or chauffeur driven, the Cole Toursedan, with its vacuum stormproof windshield, is an excellent car for evening use

Any woman would feel equal to any occasion if she had for her background the smart Hudson Super-Six Special Town Car, which is especially good for formal usse

THE MATINEE MOTOR

To the woman living in a suburban community, the value of the small, closed car cannot be overestimated. Many women living in the country have felt that they were out of touch with life and with the amusements that go to make life worth living. To the woman of discrimination and taste, a train trip to town in the clothes suitable for the matinée and tea, and possibly dinner, was a thing which she undertook with a great deal of reluctance. Today, however, she can wear her most charming afternoon frock and arrive at her destination in her own little closed car, and as well groomed as when she started out. This type of car is also a boon to women living in the country in that it makes the entertaining of guests such a simple matter. Inviting three or four friends to the matinee in town can be accomplished with a small amount of trouble and a great deal of pleasure. If one drives one's own car, as many women living in the suburbs do, the ease with which these small cars are handled makes even city traffic a thing that is no longer dreaded and feared, but something that is annoying and soon disposed of.

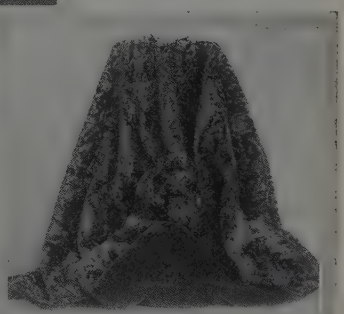
LUXURIOUSNESS OF APPOINTMENTS

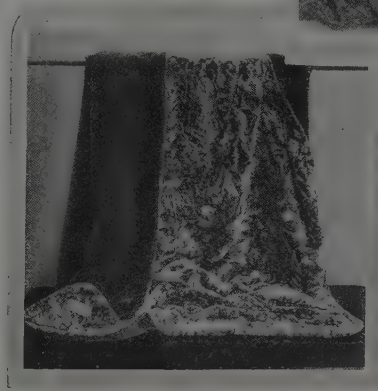
There is atmosphere in cars as well as in clothes. By atmosphere is not necessarily meant the mechanical workings of a motor, merely the interior equipment, upholstery, color and general lines. The luxuriousness that has crept into the manufacture of closed cars is directly due to the woman and her love of luxury. This is not astonishing when one realizes that women are an eighty percent factor in the buying of motor cars today. The makers of one of the highest type cars have said that it takes sometimes three months to complete the coach work on one of the closed cars for a woman of taste and individuality. But the love of luxury and the demand for it is not required only by the woman of large means. It is a thing that every woman desires, and whatever her income, wishes at least the semblance of it,—so, the increase in the number of women driving their own cars has made it necessary to have even the moderate priced cars well and tastefully equipped.

The tailoring of the interior of the car, the lighting, the choice of materials for the upholstery, even the motor robes and such equipment are within the reach of the majority of people. There could be nothing more attractive and harmonious than the robes of fur fabric. These are so well thought of that they are sold in the salesrooms of the highest type cars. They can be had in colors matching the upholstery or in a neutral tone which will harmonize with any interior. There are also excellent foot warmers made of the same material that are almost indispensable for use in cold weather, even in the closed car, when one is wearing evening clothes.

Altogether, the motor is no longer a messy affair associated in one's mind with grease, dust and grimy handed mechanics. It is a place in which one can be immaculate, comfortable and as properly framed, as to setting, as in one's own home.

In these days, a woman's individuality is evident not merely in her clothes, and her home but in everything that belongs to her. This certainly includes so important an item as her motor car, in which the modern woman spends many of her daylight hours and frequently much of the evening.





Marvellous fur fabric robes, luxurious in weave and finish, can be had in tones matching the upholstery of the car. The fabric in these two robes made by The Shelton Looms

Photos Powers Reproduction Co.

KEITH'S PALATIAL FORDHAM THEATRE

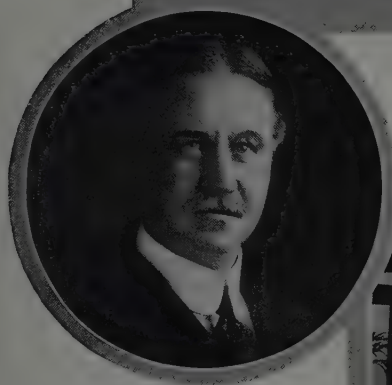
Vaudeville has taken a decided step upward and forward, with the building of the newest Keith "neighborhood" theatre, in that rapidly growing home secton at the northern end of the Metropolis, known as Fordham.

Keith's Fordham is a "neighborhood" theatre in location only, thanks to E. F. Albee, President of the Keith Circuit, who has given to the people of that section a theatre that is the last word in comfort and convenience, to say nothing of the artistry evidenced in every detail of the auditorium.

The color scheme of mulberry and grey is carried out in the silk tapestried walls and the stage curtain, the motif used in the decorations throughout being the lovely old Wedgewood china pattern. As one enters the theatre, the foyer rich in Italian marble and the sparkle of crystal hung chandeliers, presents an atmosphere of richness and elegance, in which good taste has had a markedly restraining influence.

Here is a "neighborhood" theatre of which Broadway might well be proud!

Fordham Theatre boasts three exquisitely appointed retiring rooms, complete in every detail down to the ivory toilet accessories on the dressing tables.



E. F. Albee, President of the Keith Circuit is an ardent believer in "Do unto others." The splendid dressing rooms, showers and other conveniences at the disposal of the performers at Fordham Theatre are the results of his ideas and ideals

C. C. Egan, Manager of the Fordham Theatre, who exemplifies in the spirit and management of his house, the Keith principle, "The public be pleased."

Center: The approach to the Mezzanine Promenade.

The men's smoking room has the atmosphere and appointments of a smart club

The Promenades of Angelina

She Teas at "The Balcony" and on a Studio Evening Meets the Mysterious and Fascinating Khaldah

Drawings by Artel

HOW do people exist who don't live in New York? That theme runs constantly through my mind and pops out, as is the nature of well-conducted themes, on every occasion.

"The Balcony," above "Hick's" the fruiterer, is New York's latest and most engaging tea-room, where one's table may be a vantage point for snatching glimpses of the Avenue, and where specially made-to-order pastry and individual percolated coffee add novelty to a varied and delicious menu

It popped out, for instance, at the smart luncheon at the Plaza that Mr. J. M. Gidding gave the fashion writers to celebrate the opening of his gorgeous new Fifth Avenue store. We were invited to go, personally conducted, over the shop beforehand, and then all hands adjourned to the Plaza.

It was at the "eggs à la Perry" course . . . If you've never eaten "eggs à la Perry" you have something to live for. I never had before . . . Why "Perry"? I don't know . . But anyway there is a flat fishcake of crabmeat . . . and then there is one of those round merry little poached eggs that the French are wont to make in a cup-spoon—the only kind of a poached egg, really—where the white is all around the outside, and the yolk cuddled tidily within . . . and over everything the most delicious mushroomy brown sauce. Mm . . a dish for the Gods!

With the last mouthful I was impelled to launch my remark "What *do* people do who don't live in New York!" And my neighbor took it up, and said, "Yes, what?" And then it went round the table. . Of course it's naughty to be puffed up and self-righteous and complaisant, isn't it? But then on the other hand, as someone suggested, it's considered a virtue to be contented with one's lot. Incidentally you'll be very contented too, if you go over the new-724-Fifth-Avenue-Gidding's!

The same theme popped out again as I sat in "The Balcony" the other afternoon, New York's youngest novelty in the way of tea-rooms. You remember my speaking a few monehs ago of how *chic* it was to go to "Hick's," the fruiterer, for a soda after the play? Well, the place has been so popular that more room was needed to take care of those who came, and so "The Balcony" was opened right above it . . . though a distinct place in itself with its own entrance.

It's most attractive . . the color scheme in delightful yellow and blue and black . . . redolent of light and cheer. You must get one of the tables near the plate glass windows that go all the way across the front, as my young man and I did, that you may snatch from time to time at that fascinating diversion of looking out on the traffic of Fifth Avenue . . . And whatever else you order you must not fail to wind up with coffee and pastry. The pastry is made especially for "The Balcony," and provokes to the same ecstasy as "eggs à la Perry" . . . And the coffee is made in individual percolators, the percolator being brought to you and placed on a small table at your side, where it bubbles and percs a sassy undertone to your conversation. Nothing so cheerio as the atmosphere of a percolator, is there? And no coffee like perc-d coffee! Isn't it an amusing idea for "The Balcony" to start!

As we lingered over our coffee cups and puffed our cigarettes, my young man . . . He wasn't really *my* young man . . . just for the time being . . . his fancy being altogether centered on a lovely little blonde actress whom you know, but who is being rather chill to him at present, though not more so than is the prerogative of all lovely blondes . . . He was quite disconsolate and I was trying to cheer him up. As I said, we were puffing at our cigarettes and gazing out the windows from time to time when suddenly a tall arresting figure passed on the pavemnt below.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "Isn't that Khaldah? I've never seen him without his turban and robes, but I'm sure it is."

My companion looked . . . and Yes, he thought it was. .

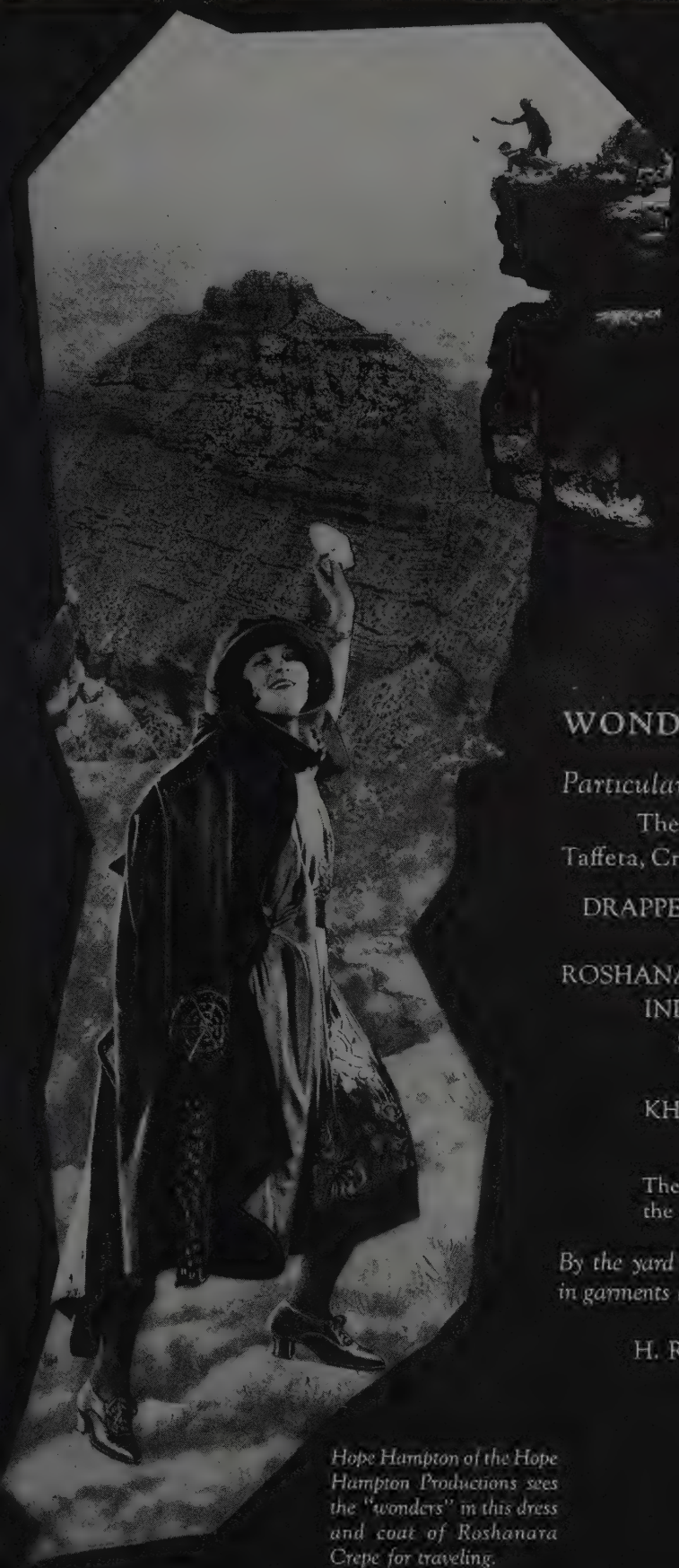
"There's a man I'd love to meet," I sighed. "I mean in an unprofessional way. Of course I encountered him at the Southampton Society Fair a year ago, and around at smart people's houses when he's been giving his psychic demonstrations. Everybody in society seems to have had him for an entertainment at one time or another. But I should like to meet him informally, not in a crowd . . . I know he'd have fascinating things to say."

"I think I could arrange that for you." said my-young-man-who-was-not-my-young-man. "I know a young artist who knows Khaldah and I think could get him to his Studio as a special favor. . ."

And so it transpired a few days later. As a favor to his friend, Khaldah was induced to spare an hour from his crowded life. We took Mother along on the promise that she would efface her charm and good looks and let it be my party alone . . . and there were only five of us. A proper background in the studio had been provided

(*Continued on page* 204)

If it is fascinating to have Khaldah, the Egyptian mystic, read the secrets of one's soul in his crystal, in formal seance, it is even more fascinating, Angelina found, to meet him informally face to face and hear him talk of Egypt and the Desert and the lure of the mysterious East



WONDERS OF THE WORLD

The Grand Canyon—a most striking example of Nature's handiwork always alluring to the tourists from all over the globe.

MALLINSON'S
Silks de Luxe
"The National Silks of International Fame"

likewise arouse the keenest interest and admiration of all who appreciate the highest development in silk originality and style creation. Their marvelous weaves, exquisite color harmonies and peerless quality justly stamp them as the

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Particularly favored for Spring and Summer are:

The famous PUSSY WILLOW GROUP:
Taffeta, Crepe, Satin, Canton Crepe and Satin Crepe.

DRAPPELLA DRAP d'AMOUR EPONETTE
WHIP-POOR-WILL BROCADE
ROSHANARA CREPE CHINCHILLA SATIN
INDESTRUCTIBLE CHIFFON VOILE
SPORT-SPUN SILKYWAY
DEW-KIST EN-TOUR
KHAKI-KOOL MOLLY O' CREPE

(All trademark names)

The name MALLINSON on the selvage identifies the genuine and is there for your protection.

By the yard at leading silk departments all over the world or in garments at the better garment departments and class shops.

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, Inc.
NEW YORK

Hope Hampton of the Hope Hampton Productions sees the "wonders" in this dress and coat of Roshanara Crepe for traveling.

MALLINSON SILK WEEK
MARCH 20-25
1922

Sheridan

366 FIFTH AVENUE
Near 35th Street
NEW YORK

ALL the fresh beauty of the new Season is brilliantly reflected in the Spring Costumes designed by Sheridan.

This chic Frock of Crepe back Satin has little flutings made of Gros de Londres Grain Ribbon, and Rosettes of Ostrich combined with Ribbons. French Blue, Black, Navy and all prevailing shades.

GOWNS

Street *Afternoon* *Evening*

The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

A YOUNG actor told me that Marie Doro, with whom he has pl was "quite mad" about perfumes. "Why don't you go and talk Miss Doro," he suggested, "she could tell you a lot about perf . . . . she has made a great study of them."

No sooner said than done. We obtained permission to see Miss in her dressing room . . and here is her more-than-interesting story.

"How amusing that you should come just at this precise moment," Miss Doro's introductory remark. "I am always perfume mad . . . B anything I have perfumes on the brain a bit more than usual because o perfume party I gave last week. It was a huge success, if I am to be my guests . . What is a perfume party? Really it might have been c a choose-your-own-perfume party . . It was like this."

"You see that perfume burner?" (We looked and saw on the dre table a small round vase of glowing flowered yellow porcelain.) "I bro that back from Paris in the Fall. . . . You put the perfume in the like this, turn on the electric bulb inside and the heat causes the perfu be wafted through the room. I keep this one going in my dressing-r and I have several more at home. Besides their perfuming capacities are such ornamental little objects, aren't they? And they make wonderful lamps, too—*veilleuses,* as the French call them—with that soft faint glo

"As to the party . . . We had tea first . . . Then I talked a about perfumes in general, and how much they added to life in the wa beauty and charm, and of how some perfumes are *chic* and *comme il* just like clothes, and some aren't and how there is definitely such a as a good and a bad perfume, regardless of whether it happens to a to you or not, and so on."

"After the little talk . . just a few minutes . . not enough to them . . I started the first perfume burner with a wonderful perfu found in Paris on my last trip. It is the oldest known odor in France created way back in 1685 by the gardener of Louis XIV, Jean Fra Muraour. The patent, which the King gave him, on the recommendatio Mme. de Maintenon, is still in existence. Isn't it romantic? Isn't it fascina The gardener refused to tell anyone his formula, saying always, "C'est secret!" And so the perfume came to be known as "Mon Secret" . .

"It's a delicious bouquet, "Mon Secret"! And the descendants of original little old gardener have kept on where he left off, and have been m facturing perfumes ever since . . perfumes just as delicious as " Secret" . . real flower essences that are marvelous. After "Mon Se I burned "Lilac" in another perfume burner, and the fresh spring fragr filled the place, Then I took everybody into another room, and burned " Eternelle," and afterwards "Geranium," and then we came back again to first room, and I demonstratedd "Carnation," which I think is really the wonderful of all.

"The average carnation perfume you find is so crude, so harsh. this is the very flower itself . . You can almost feel the fine crinkled e of the carnation touch your nose, so strongly does the essence conjure i You remember Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower" . . one of my fav books . . and how the crimson carnation and its intense perfume symbo the dark flower of passion . .

"After the flower odors, to wind up with, we had "Chypre" and " brette" and "Clos Joli" . . . Ah, delicious! And before everybody home . . . there were only eight or ten of us in all . . . I presente each one a tiny bottle of the perfume she had liked the best. That's w said it should be called a choose-your-own-perfume party . . . Really it great fun, and echos of it are still coming back to me . .

"When I came back from France in September, these particular Fr perfumes of which I have been speaking could only be had on the other . . . But I was astonished to find on going into one of the shops recently they had arrived here too . . . and that besides coming in the larger o sizes, the firm responsible for their appearance had made them purcha in these cunnning miniature forms . . . A woman could easily affor purchase several at a time, and use a touch here and there, as the mood one or the other seized her . . . I think it's so dull, don't you, to only one perfume, and be known by that alone? Like having only one d or one mood . . . . It was these miniature bottles, I might add, inspired me to the party."

(The miniature sized bottles Miss Doro speaks of are priced at one do A full list of these French perfumes with the name of the manufacturer be sent on request, also the shop where they may be purchased, if you write The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th St., York City.

MRS. G. MAURICE HECKSCHER

lects Curtains of Quaker Tuscan Net for Her New York Home

The window below shows an ideal arrangement of curtains. Simple curtains of Tuscan Net are hung next the glass. Over them are Casement Cloth curtains of soft neutral color, and over all there are draperies of chintz. This plan fulfils the purpose of curtaining. The Tuscan Net veils the window, revealing the view, yet protecting the privacy of those within; the Casement Cloth takes the place of the usual ugly shade, while the decorative value of the chintz enhances the charm of the room.

MRS. HECKSCHER'S prominence on the golf course rivals that of her husband on the polo field. G. Maurice Heckscher is the son of August Heckscher, whose philanthropies have endeared him to thousands, and whose wonderful new building on Fifth Avenue will be an enduring monument to his name.

Mrs. Heckscher's fastidious taste is naturally reflected in her home. For windows she has selected curtains of Quaker Tuscan Net, trimmed with a simple fringe. Casement Cloth replaces the usual window shade and, to give a color note to the room overdraperies of gay chintz are used.

Booklets That Will Help You

Booklets "Concerning Window Draperies" and "Twelve New Ideas for Decoration" will be sent free if you mention the name of the best retailer handling window draperies in your city or shopping center. Otherwise, enclose ten cents in stamps.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY

Mills, Philadelphia, Pa. - - Wholesale Salesrooms, 890 Broadway, New York

Have You Found The New Beauty?

ALWAYS the yearning eyes of women have held the hope that they might be made young. They have submitted themselves to many an hour's manipulation that had neither rhyme nor reason. And then in the mirror a flash of youth looked out at them. But it was merely a flash—the next morning they looked tired and older.

You cannot overstimulate your face at any age without a bad reaction. It is only now that doctors have found this out—and with it have found the really scientific way to build up the muscles of the face. It is molding the muscles just as they are constructed under the skin, and molding them where they need building up.

Bear this always clearly in your mind. Until you make the muscles of your face young—you cannot make the skin young. After this new Face Molding treatment, your mirror reveals to you a young face, and it reveals a younger face the next day.

Primrose House is the home of this Face Molding Treatment.

Come to Primrose House and let one of the trained nurses mold away the lines of weariness and years.

Or—if you cannot come to Primrose House—you may give yourself a face molding treatment in your own home by means of the

New Beauty Face Molder

This is an entirely new and unique appliance to mold the facial muscles. It brings to your own home the skill of the operator. After you have tried it you will realize why women everywhere, are enthusiastic about it. $7.50.

With the Face Molder you will want to use Face Molding Cream and Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream.

Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream: Cleanses the skin, removes all impurities, and steadily improves the texture of the skin. It will leave your skin scrupulously clean and with the fragrance of real rose leaves. $1.00, $2.00, $3.50.

Face Molding Cream: This cream is the medium for the famous Primrose House Molding Treatment. It rebuilds the tissues of the skin and fills up hollows under the eyes. If molded in for a few minutes daily, it will keep the skin firm and smooth. $1.00, $3.00, $5.00.

Other Primrose House Preparations are:

Petal Bloom: A delicate powder that gives the skin a lovely smooth finish and protects it. It relieves the shiny appearance of the nose and is particularly recommended for a skin inclined to be oily. May be used in place of powder or as a powder foundation. $1.50.

Chiffon Powder: Chiffon-soft, chiffon light, chiffon-fine—this is a face powder for the day-time so perfect in color and in translucent loveliness that it blends imperceptibly with every skin and enhances its beauty to a subtle smoothness. $3.50.

Hair Tonic "A": If you have an oily scalp and hair that becomes unmanageable a short time after it has been shampooed you will indeed be grateful for this new hair tonic. Not only will it relieve an oily condition of the scalp but it will give new life to the hair. $1.50.

Hair Tonic "B": This supplies just enough oil to the scal to stimulate the activity of the sebaceous glands. It will not only actually cause hair to grow, but it will keep it fluffy and lustrous. $1.50.

"Here Dwells Youth"

Primrose Hand Cream: This is a faintly fragrant finishing cream in pure jelly form. Use it always after washing the hands to counteract the effect of the soap, and always before going out. It gives the hands a lovely smooth finish and keeps them soft and white. $1.00, $2.00.

ELSIE WATERBURY MORRIS, *Vice-President*

PRIMROSE HOUSE

Gallery H

3 East 52nd Street **New York**

BUILDING AN AUDIENCE

(*Continued from page* 144)

a set period of time. Successes will be put into the hands of another company and continued in another theatre, but the routine of giving new and constantly better plays will continue, thereby providing a remarkable stimulus to writers and the public. Furthermore, each such repertory organization can and probably will have companion groups in various other cities, with permanent companies, doing the plays that New York has liked or even new ones that New York has not seen. Thus, will audiences be builded and held. In no other way, in my estimation, can the good, the really *good* theatre hold its ground against theatrical panderers or numbskulls who turn our playhouses so full of the unfit and the unintelligent that the public is ready to cry quits and stay home!

This, then, is the Phoenix of which I speak. Five years ago, Arthur Richman could not have had his "Ambush" produced in this country. Or, at least, if it had been produced, if some brave heart had determined to buck the dramatic mart and launch out with it in the sea of "stuff" being currently shown, he would have lost money and been jeered. One of the finest tragedies written by an American, if not the finest, might have succeeded in running a week. Not more—not that I believe there were not enough intelligent people in the community five years ago to have enjoyed "Ambush," and understo but because they were not y sembled, they had not yet been b into a permanent audience wi ear to the ground for the fine of the stage.

Today, "Ambush" is done an ceeds thanks to the admirable T Guild. With one or more other tory groups operating in the more and more people will co trust the stage and find things that they never knew were All such groups help each other. audience organization builded b Guild goes also to see the Pro town productions and vice versa. time will come, and not so fa perhaps, when every intelligent b being in New York—there are lions of them notwithstanding ap ances—will be part of an au group; when a trip to the A T or the B Theatre, or whatever tre presents regularly the kin plays he likes, will be part and of the routine of his existence. will find, for the first time, pe what the theatre can give, and, ing found, he will come and g

Under Mr. Milton's portrait, at t ginning of the above article, appe caption "Stage Director of the T Guild." This is not strictly Actually, while Mr. Milton was ca to direct the Guild's notable producti "Ambush" and "He Who Gets Sla he is regularly stage director for William Harris, Jr. productions, the recent of which has been Brieux's "Madame Pierre."

A CHAT WITH ANNA CHRISTIE

(*Continued from page* 162)

roles. Of course, I must admit that Nature did not equip me for these roles. I am not beautiful. I am not even pretty. But you do not have to be either to play character roles, and I like those the best."

With her ash-blonde hair pulled up tight, and cold cream dabbed over her cheeks, Miss Lord could not honestly be called beautiful. Nor could she be called that even after her soft, blonde hair was fluffed out around her face. But she has a mobile face, and a pert one. She could play well the "different" woman—the one woman out of a hundred who would not run true to type. And that's exactly the kind of woman she likes to depict.

"I'd a great deal rather portray a woman of character and personality, than just the vapid, easy-to-gaze upon female of the species. I've often been accused of acting cynical and world-weary on the stage. Well, my roles called for that. Besides, that's life. Life gives that air of boredom to some women. There are many cynical women in the world, and a large number of tired and weary They are without hope. They like wilting flowers, no longer grant with youth, the verve for dead. I like the realistic. I show life as it is—bitter-sweet always joyous, often sad, some crude and unlovely, and yet Perhaps this accounts for my obs for Eugene O'Neill's plays. He life, and all its elements. He stands people, and all their vag He knows that life, to some, is a glad excursion. Take 'Beyon Horizon,' for instance. How I have loved to play the leading role in that! What a theme play! The utter uncongenial some domestic lives. How seldo see it carried out properly in or play. The triangle is pre often, the love of a man for a other than his wife, or the othe around. But how seldom we presented to us a chapter out life of a brilliant man or mated to a lesser being. The for so many suicides and death

(*Concluded on page* 194)

"The firm and youthful profile is as important on the stage as a good complexion. Both are secured by continued use of MINERALAVA *which I find dainty and delightful for home use."*—IRENE FRANKLIN, famous star of the *Greenwich Village Follies.*

Mineralava helps Nature by accelerating blood circulation in face and neck—feeding tissues, cleansing the skin, building the muscles full and firm, and resisting wrinkles.

Blood circulation, Nature's secret of Beauty, is yours *instantly* with Mineralava. You *feel* your circulation quicken. You *know* you are freeing the pores of accumulations and stirring the whole face into life and bloom.

Daintily applied with a brush, Mineralava Beauty Clay dries into a fragrant moulding mask, washes off and is gone, all within 12 minutes. Mineralava Face Finish nourishes and protects the skin—a perfect base for powder. Then look in your mirror and see our promises being fulfilled. If you cannot obtain these famous striped bottles at your Department or Drug Store, write us direct. Mineralava Beauty Clay $2.00; Mineralava Face Finish $1.50.

SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS, INC., 10 East 38th Street, *New York City*

—your *safeguard* against wrinkles, sagging muscles, complexion blemishes.

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A CHAT WITH ANNA CHRISTIE

(*Concluded from page* 192)

tragedies of life: domestic uncongeniality, is seldom brought out so powerfully as it was in 'Beyond the Horizon.' Of course, there are always the sensitive souls who do not like to see life in the raw. Everything for them must be sugar-coated. I thought of these people when I was rehearsing Anna Christie. Would they shudder with disgust, perhaps, when she first made her stage entrance? Would they be revolted by her blasphemous expression in the climax scene of the third act? I thought of all these things and I was a bit worried. So I gave Anna a little, appealing catch in her voice as she speaks, and I tried to cloak her with an air of sweet bitterness. After all, wasn't it natural for a woman of Anna's class to speak in strong language when under great emotional strain? Would not the realism have been destroyed had she spoken otherwise? And Anna did not, in her ordinary conversation, toss off careless 'damns' and 'Hells.' She might be excused for her oat storm of emotion when she ba soul to her father and her swe

It is an interesting fact tha Lord comes from a stock comp Milwaukee, Wisconsin, whic turned out more stars, perhap any other stock company eve Once this same stock company "Quo Vadis", and among those cast were Lowell Sherman, Lord, Lenore Ulric, Edna H Ruth Chatterton, and Ralph K But, of course, at that time, the merely members of a fairly goo company, and none of them h yet, done anything notable. B by one, these members of t Shubert company, at the old Water street playhouse, whe Baker, and his wife, Edith also played, left the stock co traveled Eastward, and soon numbered among the Broadway Pauline Lord is the latest of t have her name go up in electric before a Broadway theatre.

MRS. BLABB GOES TO THE MATIN

(*Concluded from page* 146)

was going away, after the farmber had taken the count, the farmber said to him, 'Doc, what d'ye think I ought to call these last two twin boys?' Your father sighed a little, closed his eyes, weary-like, and said, 'Why not call them Amen and Finis!' Once I knew a archyteck by the name of Jupe. His complete name was Justician Jupe and they was no Prohibition at the time, nuther.

"Mumma, aren't you ever going to tell us about the play?" asked Aurora, almost in tears.

"Now, Rory," said Mrs. Blabb, "you know full well I must always crick-asize the plays I go to see in my own illimitable way which is without form and void, as the good book says. I loved the play, I did, indeed, children. 'The Intimate Strangers' was like a dream of nice people in the moonlight where you remember every word when you wake up. Billie Burke was—well, I wisht I had enough adverbial adjectives to describe her, but you take a lot of starbeams and a lot of rose leaves and crush them up together and you'll have what your mother thinks of Billie. The play was very good, containing a station agent of the name of Charles Abbe who would probly be of the Westminster Abbey family if he hadn't mislaid the y. Then they was Alfred Lunt, the hero, who was up all night fixing the fire in the stove because the wires were down and most engaging he was, too, especially in the last act where about to marry the heroine. they was Frances Howard very smart in those newf knickerbockers that is supposed the way a flapper indicates he pery but let me catch one of yo wearing them and may kind judge between us! But I mu that Florence taking off her and getting her slippers put Alfred was most intrigyouing. they was Glenn Hunter whi pictured a boy of anywheres f to 17½, talking as boys of th sex do at those ages. He screech. And they was El Patterson as 'Aunt Ellen,' looki all the world like your Aunt your father's sister, which went World's Fair in Buffalo and stopped talking about it yet years has dragged their weary between, as the saying is. Th Frank Kirk and Claire Weldo ing backgroundish parts but d with *sang fried*, as the Frenc it. And weaving in and out t it all was the smile of Billie as pleasing to the eye as th of the first robin reddish brea a hard winter."

"What was the story of th Mumma?" inquired Aurora.

"Why, my dear, I don't kno swered Mrs. Blabb; "I was listening to the nice language didn't hear any story."

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You would not think you were meddling with your hair just because you brush it scrupulously every night and wash it from time to time. Would you? You are just taking care of it, because brushing makes it glossy and nice and keeps it from falling out.

So many overlook the fact that the face is the only part of the human anatomy which is always exposed. The feet are shod, the hands gloved, the head covered, the body clad. But hot weather, cold weather or blustering weather, rain, snow, sleet or dust—the face alone is condemned to meet atmospheric changes unprotected.

There is also this curiously *retaliatory* thing about the face: When you neglect your feet, your feet ache. When the teeth are neglected, one suffers from toothache. Disorder in the head causes headache. But if your skin or complexion gets out of order, sooner or later you have heart-ache. Yes, actual heart ache!

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SHAKESPEARE A STAGE HERO

(*Continued on page* 161)

fast like other men. What will New York say? I hope it will glimpse the fact that I have tried to write the story of Everyman and have called it Shakespeare."

Talk with the youthful Miss Dane, whom reviewers have called the coming woman novelist of her generation, and you find an enthusiast in conversation. Tall, with dark coloring, constantly gesturing hands and eyes that light as each subject is mentioned, she is candid in speech and without the affectations of the celebrity.

"The idea of the play came to me two summers ago down in Cornwall. No, I was not writing a novel of Cornwall life. I'm leaving that for all the other writers of English fiction. I never had written blank verse in my life. But the idea of Shakespeare came between me and the novel on which I was working. You know I have three novels, 'Regiment of Women,' 'First the Sword,' and 'Legend,' as well as the plays. I would write a scene or two and put the play away.

"Suddenly came an order to dramatize a novel. My first bit of playwriting, 'A Bill of Divorcement,' was done in six weeks. It was comparatively easy work. I have a method of pretending that I am all the people in a room and then the action flows swiftly. Entrances and exits I learned to manage from five years' experience on the stage. My greatest trouble was to avoid a strong scene between Grey and Hilary. That is the difficult job of the dramatist, I think—to keep from writing the strong, obvious scenes that come so easily and are the worst pitfalls.

"When 'A Bill of Divorcement' grew into such a success, Basil Dean, the producer, came to me.

"'Haven't you something else?' he asked.

"'Not a thing,' I replied. 'You know that was my first play.'

"'But you must have something.'

"'I have part of a play in blank verse. But you wouldn't want that.'

"'Let me see it,' he commanded.

"He read 'Will Shakespeare,' liked it, ordered me to complete it at once. We rehearsed it for two months. Everyone was enthusiastic. You know the result.

"We were too near home to do it. I never thought of the charge that I was perverting history. I only tried to indicate what might have happened. I wanted to get at the cause that produced 'Macbeth,' and 'Hamlet.' I believed so thoroughly that all great creative writing comes from experience, engendered by sorrow and suffering that I chose Shakespeare, the greatest writer of all, to prove my point. I believe that it is the guilty one who suffers most, not the one on whom suffering is inflicted. Shakespeare's initial guilt lay in leaving Anne. Through the misery of his own wrongdoing, he was able to understand the guilty feelings of his greatest characters. Could a man who never had sinned have written 'Macbeth'? I do not mean that he must be a thief or an assassin, but he must comprehend the workings of the guilty mind. And I used the events as symbols, not as actuality.

"All my life I have read Shakespeare. I read little modern fiction—frightful confession for a novelist, isn't it? And dare I say I am more interested in playwriting? When I don't read Shakespeare, I am devouring detective shockers. I steep myself in crime every night before I go to bed. And then I wonder about 'Macbeth' and what sort of a woman after all, was the lady in the case?

"My method of work? It is at least my own. I begin at the final line and work straight backward. My preceding line always grows out of the line that follows. Literally, I mean. Then I have a distinct point to work toward and my first chapter, if it is a novel, is the first to be written, or if it is a play, the final line is the initial one spoken."

An interesting woman, Miss Dane, with pleasant humor and keen appreciation of her present situation. There may have been tears at the failure of the British public to respond to "Will Shakespeare," but there is only cheerfulness as she talks of it. And she can afford to smile, for "A Bill of Divorcement" continues to crowd the London theatre, its remarkable cast including Lillian Braithwaite, Meggie Albanesi, C. Aubrey Smith and Malcolm Keen.

"My greatest sorrow," says the authoress, "is that everyone contrasted 'Will Shakespeare' with 'A Bill of Divorcement'. To me there is no comparison. The one is my best work; the other, the ordinary, well-written play."

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Modernizing Shakespeare

(*Continued from page* 178)

way, reached by a few steps, indicating the inn from which is to flow the liquor in which Petruchio and his merry comrades are to drink good fortune to his success with Katharina, the Shrew. Two tables set either side of the scene complete the picture. From this we go to Baptista's house. The fruit-stands disappear and an arch-drop replaces the plain backpiece. Through this is seen the cyclorama, with an occasional cypress breaking the horizon. The draperies quite naturally indicate the lower left and right entrances. Curved couches on either side of the stage supplant the tables of the former scene and the stage is ready for Petruchio's first battle with Kate.

From this we go to Petruchio's country home. A fireplace, right, and a door, left, are the only changes of scenery, for the arched back drop is useful in this setting. The center arch is filled with a cupboard. The entrances either side are backed and serve as doorways. A long table fills the center of the stage, with chairs and stools around it.

To give Katharina the opportunity for her final surrender to Petruchio, we draw all the curtains, save that of the lower right entrance, where we place a house door, and thus we have the street wherein Kate declares the sun to be the moon and an old man to be a young virgin. The final scene comes easily. The curtains are draped in the lower right and left entrances and entirely withdrawn at the back, exposing the cyclorama with its deep Italian night's blue broken here and there by stately cypress trees. Two tables, on either side, for the feast, complete the scene.

Now this simplicity enhances the beauty and significance of the costumes which give the necessary color variety and relieve any monotony there might be from the neutrally painted pieces of scenery employed. Also the long waits which were essential with the detailed and ponderous realistic settings of the past are reduced to a minimum. How the plays gain in not having their spell broken by tedious intervals which permit the spectator to forget all about Padua or Venice, Elsinore or Illyria and bring his mind back to Broadway or Main street and its petty cares and worries!

I RECALL not so long ago that Shakespeare's plays were not only overburdened with scenery, but with music. In former days music was considered as essential and inseparable with the stage as actors.

It is only within the last few years that managers have ventured to do away with music in spoken dramas. Then followed the drastic action of throwing the orchestra entirely out of the theatre. You may recall the letters to the newspapers which debated at white heat whether or not there should be *entr'act* music in the playhouse. I fancy our grandmothers would find the theatre rather dull with no tuning up between the scenes to accompany their social visits and chatter.

But while the orchestra had disappeared from many theatres, Shakespeare was unaffected and the musician was still a chief performer at his representations. Mrs. Sothern and I decided to abandon music entirely except in the proper places where Shakespeare himself calls for it. When one of the characters says in so many words: "What, ho! Some music!" or a love-sick Orsino calls his court musician to soothe his pains with a heaven-sent melody, then we give the muse her opportunity, but only so far as the scene demands it and the situation allows it. No longer does Hamlet die to a wailing dirge, Malvolio pick his steps to a flowery minuet, Bassanio choose the casket to a dreamy waltz, or Petruchio tame his fiery shrew to virulent, virile strains.

THE change in costumes is not quite so radical though there is improvement. When McCullough's players provided their own dresses, the color scheme was not thought of, nor could it be considered. The rememberance of some of the effects still fills me with horror. When producers began to furnish the wardrobe, an attempt at beauty and harmony was made. This too came to result in exact pictorial reproduction as far as it was possible to rediscover the habit of the period of the plays.

In the historical dramas, this exactness of dress is more or less excusable, and essential, but today we strive more for general effect of beauty, of form and of color rather than too lavish an adherence to what may have been the dress of the epoch of the play. Miss Marlowe's gowns, for instance, are made of materials by Mariani Fortuny of Venice, and executed for the most part by Callot Soeurs, the famous Parisian dress-makers. I fancy old-timers would have been shocked to hear of an actress appearing in Shakespeare in gowns fashioned by the ultra-modish arbiters of the day.

Every actor makes his own version of the plays he produces. David Garrick and Colley Gibber, it will be remembered, even rewrote Shakespeare. The Garrick prompt book for "The Taming of the Shrew" retained from the original only the scenes between Katharina and Petruchio, and

(*Continued on page* 200)

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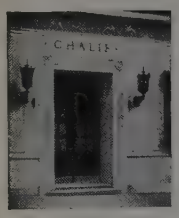

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(*Concluded from page* 198)

this held the stage until Augustin Daly restored the Shakespeare farce.

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FREQUENTLY I am asked why it is that in "Hamlet" I cut the speech of Polonius' advice to Laertes —words familiar to every school-boy. These lines are not essential to the progress of the tragedy. There is so much in "Hamlet" that must be given if a thorough idea of the tragedy is to be had. Some critics have questoned our rearrangement of the opening scenes of "Twelfth Night." It will be recalled that in the Folio the comedy opens with the scene in Orsino's palace and proceeds to the shipwreck, revealing Viola's predicament. After much careful consideration, we decided that the logical arrangement of the scenes is to introduce Viola at the beginning of the play and follow directly with the story of Orsino's love for Olivia, which can then be carried through without the awkardness of having to break the thread of the plot to introduce one of the most important personages of the comedy.

We eliminate the induction to "The Taming of the Shrew" because it has no direct bearing on the farce itself. It seems futile to get an audience interested in one set of characters which is never again heard of and has nothing whatever to do with the plot. It is a difficult thing for spectators—and it is well to remember that Shakespeare in the theatre does not depend for his success wholly upon students, as the larger part of our patrons are those who are not closely acquainted with the dramas—to accept one group of people and then after a brief thirty minutes to have the author declare, "Well, now, that is all very well, but we have other business in hand and here it is." Furthermore, it is possibly due to the shortness of "The Taming of the Shrew" that Shakespeare wrote this prelude, for his play-goers demanded more hours in the playhouse than we do.

BEFORE we proceed to the acting, the final and most vital change in producing Shakespeare, it seems fitting to pay a tribute to one of the causes which has brought about these changes in the theatre. Too little credit has been given by managers and actors to the work of the Little theatres and the university and amateur undertakings in America. The good done by these movements, which, alas, are almost entirely ignored by the very men and women who reap the benefits, is underestimated. Even so studious and thoughtful a producer as David Belasco has found time to belittle these ventures.

In the first and very excellent place, all these endeavors create audiences and intelligent ones for the professional theatre. The man who does a thing himself grows keen to see how more expert men do it. These audiences, first made up of friends and then of other people who hear of the work, obtain a glimpse of what the playhouse is and as a result they go further afield to secure more of the stimulation they have received at the hand of these earnest guilds. There is also the great service of developing community spirit, which will eventually, we hope, be the incentive towards the founding of the municipal theatre we all desire. The bringing together of a dozen people who want to spend their play hours doing something more refreshing than dancing or playing at cards arouses a healthy curiosity in each other and reacts favorably in the growth of civic interest. It teaches them the value of the theatre as a public institution, for they themselves have actually benefited by it. They come to look upon the stage as something more than a mere plaything, a bubble of amusement. They feel its force and vitality.

Already these men and women have outgrown the "Charley's Aunt" stage. They have tasted satisfaction and have been moved to devote their time and energy to plays worthy of the effort. Thus they give production to pieces which otherwise do not reach the stage. To these assemblies we owe the revival of many Greek comedies and tragedies, of Elizabethan dramas which otherwise would not be heard, of the more adventurous modern works. The actors in them discover first with surprise and then with pleasure that they are not the dull stuff they had feared. The spectators take interest, first because their friends are presenting them, and then because they realize they are getting something more than ever before they experienced in theatre. Thus slowly a demand that the professional theatre give greater value is brought about.

These little theatres were among the first to try the new art of stage decoration. Of still further importance, they have developed local talent, not only in acting, but in playwriting, in producing, in costume and scene designing. No longer are they content merely to imitate; they create.

Thus these modest ventures have come to have their effect upon the theatre.

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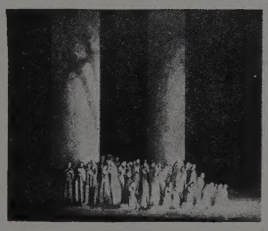

This work is printed in large type on English laid, high white paper, with uncut edges. The binding is black library buckram with orange decoration and gold stamping. The size is full octavo.

$5.00 *net.*

IT is the purpose of this important volume to set forth the ideas behind the new stagecraft, the reforms in the physical playhouse and the changes in contemporary plays which all point toward a new drama. This book, by the dramatic editor of "Vogue" and of the "New York Globe," and one of the leading forces in the Theatre Guild and the Drama League, attempts to outline this new drama in its broader aspects.

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"The Theatre's" Letter Box

The Editor invites correspondence from readers on any topics of general interest connected with the drama. Letters should be brief and written on one side of the paper only.

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

As the far-visioned editor of an inspiring magazine I suppose you must receive hundreds of letters every day. So I am wondering if you will ever find time to read this one of mine, and . . . . will you think it absurd! This is what I am going to say.

For the last decade or so all over the land "little" theatres have been springing up and making themselves felt. No longer do we, the common people, sit back in awe while the privileged showman presents a glittering spectacle to us, or tells us just what we must like. The barriers are down. We take no man's word for anything. We want to find out, to do things for ourselves. We want to experiment. We want to see if we cannot entertain, amuse, enjoy, illuminate life cheaply, thoughtfully, differently. That has been the moving force behind the little theatre awakening.

But as yet has there been any "Little theatre" re-action as far as the screen world is concerned? Why not? Why could there not be an experimental motion picture theatre? It would be a costly affair, some argue. True a venture of this kind would incur more expense than a similar one in the field of the spoken drama. But that objection can be only a momentary one, for surely in the future, in the very near future probably, the cost of motion picture apparatus and equipment must go down according to the law of supply and demand.

Still taking things as they are at their present high rates, might not a number of the big producers be induced or conjoled into each contributing what for him would be a small sum to endow such a theatre?

Every big man, and little one too for that matter, in the motion picture world, has had ideas of his own or has had them offered to him from time to time that appeal to him, that he would like nothing better than to try out. But always there has popped up the old demon crying out, "Beware of the risk! There is big money involved!" And, cowed, he must bow his head in acquiescence, and then he goes to work on a "sure thing," even though it hurts.

Now with a number of influential men contributing, this risk would be minimized, rendered almost null. Each man would be bearing his little portion of the expense. With expenses paid such a theatre ought even to make money for its benefactors.

But, of course, making money would not be the sole aim of this dream theatre. Here so much might be accomplished. So little has been done in this field, the field of art that is still in its infancy, as Dulcy would say. Think of the whimsical, delightful, enchanted madness that might be let loose on the screen in such a theatre! Imagine if we can see a new world opened up to us, a new language of thought and emotion pictured here, reasoned out by some daring innovator! There might be great possibilities in such a theatre. Some one has said that all life is an eternal experiment in the laboratory of time.

ETHEL KING,
250 West 105th Street,
New York City.

ALWAYS A JOY

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

Allow me to compliment the THEATRE MAGAZINE upon its delightful July covers. They are nearly always a joy, but I believe the most attractive and spirited of the year.

I should like to say also that I get a great deal of pleasure from the "Heard on Broadway" pages.

I always await my THEATRE with the greatest eagerness.

Sincerely,
929 Airdale Place, J. S.
Chicago, Ill.

LIKES OUR EDITORIALS

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

I wish to thank you for your outspoken, forcible editorials on the need for a Repertory Theatre, and also on certain scandalous conditions that obtain in the Broadway theatres today. It is comforting and encouraging, at a time when the general tendency everywhere seems to be to let down the barriers, to find at least one publication courageous enough to call a spade a spade and champion what is best and highest in the theatre. More power to your pen!

I also like your new covers. They are colorful and reflect the spirit of the theatre. I also like Tony Sarg's cartoons.

MARY MCMASTER.
Northampton, Mass., Feb. 1, 1922.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER

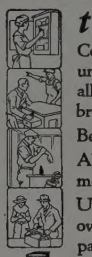
To the Editor of the THEATRE:

You have a corking magazine. I live in a very small western town, so I have little opportunity to see many plays. That fact makes me all the more appreciative of your magazine, because, next to seeing the plays themselves, it gives me more of an idea of them than any other publication I know. I enjoy the pictures of scenes from the plays and famous actors and actresses immensely, and I think your idea of printing extracts from some big play each month is extremely good. Whenever I do have a chance to go to the theatre, I turn to your "Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play" department, and make my choice of what to see from that. May I add that I consider the "Tony Sarg Also Goes to the Play" page a delightful companion piece to the serious reviews preceding it?

In a magazine of your standing and ideals, I am glad to find that you are not afraid to publish articles of a more serious nature. They are fine—on vital subjects and well-written—particularly the editorials! Don't give 'em up!

G. A. BARNES.
Cheboygan, Mich.,
Jan. 25, 1922.

George moves the dresser



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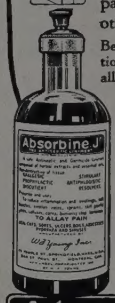

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"Mr. Hornblow's Editorials Should Be Framed and Placed in Every Theatregoer's Living Room"

Kansas City Star, January 14, 1922

The above, quoted from one of the most important newspapers in the country, refers particularly to an editorial in our January issue entitled: "Wanted: A Repertory Theatre" in which the editor of the Theatre Magazine made a plea for the establishment of an endowed repertory theatre in New York to offset the harm done the drama and public morals by some of the so-called commercialized theatres. In part, the editorial said:

"The crying need of this city is a theatre to offset the harm done the drama by the speculative type of theatre—with its plethora of bedroom farces, its vulgar, suggestive girl shows, its hurried, slipshod productions—a theatre where a high standard shall be maintained, where the bill shall be changed frequently, where correct English shall be spoken, where the classics as well as modern plays shall be given, with casts as nearly perfect as it is humanely possible to make them, and staged with the best the resources of modern scenic art can offer. Such a theatre would at once establish a standard and form a training school for new generations of players still to come. . . . Is there not in this great city of New York some man of wealth who loves the theatre well enough, and with civic pride enough, to make such a theatre a practical realization?"

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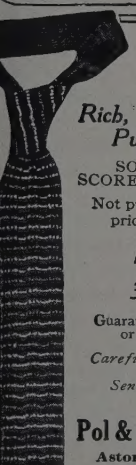

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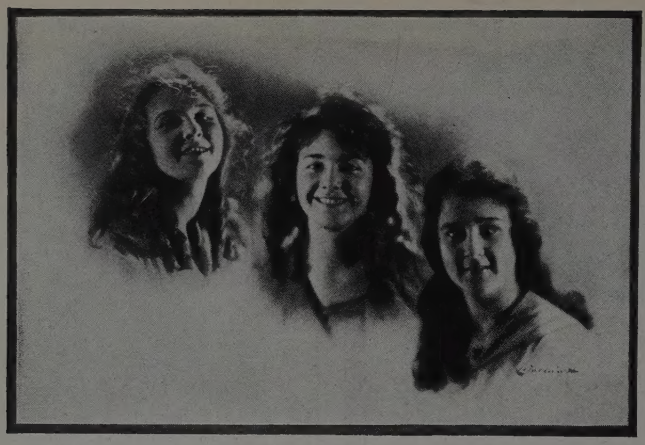

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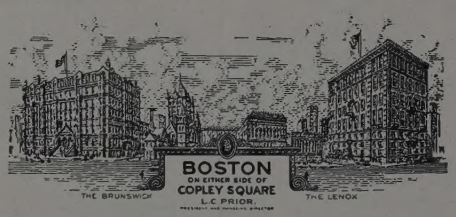

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Rates on Application *JOHN HARRIS, Mgr.*

The Promenades of Angelina

(*Continued from page* 188)

for Khaldah . . a wood-fire burning . . . . incense . . . and he read in the crystal for us . . . uncanny things . . But that he always does. . . Incidentally he encouraged the young man immensely about his little blonde actress . . .

But the most fascinating part of the evening for me, as I anticipated, was the informal give and take when Khaldah told us of the mysterious and always alluring East, of Egypt and its customs and traditions . . of the Desert . . He was so amused about the popularity of "The Sheik" in America, and gave an excellent criticism of it in a few words . . He speaks with just the least delicious edge of an accent, . .

"This way I think about 'The Sheik,' Miss Angelina," he said. "It is as if I write a word in the Arab signs, and you try to copy it. Th copy to you or to anyone who doe not know Arabic looks exactly lik the real word. But an Arabian coul not recognize it. So with 'Th Sheik'."

That led him to tell us of hi scenario which has been accepted fo picturization by Goldwyn. "If the like 'The Sheik,'" he said, "that ha so much that is false and not tru to the life of the East, I think the will like my story more that tells how it really is, which does deal truly with the life and customs of Egyp and the Mohammedans, and which shall help direct myself that it ma be exact."

Again I was in my seventh heaven o having penetrated behind the scenes

SHALL THERE BE A CENSORSHIP OF THE THEATRE?

IN view of the ever increasing number of indecent plays being put forward on the local stage—a scandalous condition which is hurting the theatre and keeping respectable patrons away from the box office—the question of a censorship, discussed editorially in our issue of last October, again comes to the front as a live issue. We already have a State censorship of the movies. If a censorship of the legitimate theatre must come, the managers and playwrights suggest it be an unofficial censorship —although some express the opinion that an unofficial body would result only in unfairness and confusion. Chief Magistrate William McAdoo, of the city court, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post* says:

"In modern times the theatre has claimed for itself the same degree of freedom in presenting its ideas that is given to the pulpit and the press. It resents anything that savors of censorship and asks to be let alone, and thus be the judge of its own morality and sense of decency. As a matter of fact it has more liberty than is given to the press. Not a few plays and farces are presented, the books of which no newspaper would dare to print. Managers of theatres and others in sympathy with them have in this respect, generally speaking, presented a united front. Among the producers of plays themselves there seems to be no standard regarding the character of plays for producing which any one of their associates would be condemned. The good standing of a manager among his colleagues does not seem to be in any wise endangered when he persistently produces obviously indecent, salacious, coarse and vulgar plays solely for the profit he can make out of them, although they must know that such conduct tends to bring theatres in general into disrepute and makes a rigid censorshipp inevitable.

Actors and actresses, belonging to organizations or acting individually, seem to have no hesitancy in prostituting very considerable talent to the production of atrociously offensive, indecent and vulgar plays and farces. I must assume in defense of the stage that this is occasioned either directly by the attitude of the managers in general or by some sort of unwritten law which compels an actor or actress to take any part assigned to him or her without regard to his own feelings or opinions with reference to the play itself or else be boycotted by by the managers without any support from his fellow artists. Otherwise it would be to me incomprehensible that a decent, clean-minded woman would consent to appear night after night in revolting and disgusting scenes in which the family and the marital relation are especially rendered ridiculous and brought into contempt.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

For February Victor audiences Emilio de Gorgorza sings a Tosti love song—"For Ever and For Ever." It is one of the finest, perhaps, from this prolific composer, and one of those songs in which an interpreter can lose his own identity to become the spokesman of world-wide human emotions.

It takes an artist of Mischa Elman's rank to make the playing of "Alice, Where Art Thou?"—that melody which has probably reached as many hearts as any tune in the world—a new experience. Elman has made a twelve-inch record of this sweet song, among the Victor February offerings.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK